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Sunday, Sept. 19, 1937



Songs That Will Live Forever A New Series of Paintings
by Henry Clive

Aloha Oe

By H. M. Queen Liliuokalani

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers;
One fond embrace before I now depart,
Until we meet again.

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Amusing Ancestors of the Modern Umbrella



The Royal Ladies of Ancient Egypt Were Protected From the Sun With Such Quiver Parasols of the Umbrella as the One in the Hand of Her Crowned and Bearded Slave.

IT WAS IN 1832 that an ingenious Englishman named Samuel Fox, invented the wire ribs and parasol carried by such ancient peoples as the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Greeks. He knew, when he completed the first umbrella with wire ribs, that he had made a great advance in the construction of a convenience as old as history itself.

It is said that he had made some-

thing of a study of the subject and knew a great deal about the long line of umbrellas and parasols carried by such ancient peoples as the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Greeks. He knew, when he completed the first umbrella with wire ribs, that he had made a great advance in the construction of a convenience as old as history itself.

The illustrations on this page show only a few of the ancestors of the sun and rain shelter which is now a standard product in every civilized country. In some places which are not listed among the "cultured nations." The oldest of these is a queer-looking sunshade popular with the royal ladies of Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs. It was a sort of small canopy attached to the end of a stick and was carried by a slave.

In the 16th Century the Popes of Rome made use of ponderous parasols to protect them from the weather and as symbols of their power. One of the sketches shows a forerunner of the modern umbrella which an armored knight, mounted on a horse, held over the head of the Pontiff. The device looks almost as big and heavy as a porte-cochere.

About the time that the American Colonies were fighting for their independence, the grand dames of the British Isles were sporting umbrellas to hoist over their coffers in damp or sunny weather. These canopies were worked with a pulley and a cord and, when not in use, fell back and formed a sort of extra bustle. Only the women of wealthy families could afford such intricate umbrellas as these.

Another of the drawings on this page reproduced from an old book shows a whimsical machine on wheels. It was a sort of portable parasol which could be carried about by a person. It was a sort of portable parasol which could be carried about by a person. It was a sort of portable parasol which could be carried about by a person.

the streets of London plaguing Jonas Hanway, who, it is said, laid himself open to ridicule by carrying an umbrella much like the models we have today. Hanway got the name of being eccentric for walking about with such a gadget over his head and was placed under bond by the city fathers to behave himself.

Probably the most elaborate parasols in the world are found today, as they were centuries ago, in some of the Eastern countries, more especially Spain. There the fringed and embroidered "sombreados" is a symbol of royal authority as well as a shield from the burning eye of the sun.

The maharajahs of India are great ones for ornate parasols, too, and frequently appear beneath magnificent ones studded with gold and precious stones.



One of the Most Amusing Relatives of the Modern Umbrella Was a Canopy-like Device That, When It Wasn't Being Used to Ward Off Rain, Became an Extra Bustle. It Was More or Less Popular About 1776.



Paper Hats to Keep the Sun Off Tender Noses

NECESSITY, as some sage long ago remarked, is the mother of invention, and to the vacationer with a sensitive nose, nothing is more essential than to keep it shaded from the wearing rays of the sun. How two young women, holidaying beside the sea at Margate, simply solved the problem is shown in the accompanying photograph. They folded a couple of these paper hats that children sometimes use to play soldiers placed them over their noses and were on with their sunbathing.

It may be that the inventive young women picked up a bit of mullin on their cheeks and, then, improvising for their noses were on the way and unheeding of the fact that they were on their sunbathing.

Manufacturers perked up their ears at the news that a simple way

had been found to protect the human proboscis from the ultra-violet beams that add to human health and happiness if they are not taken in violent

doses. They are contemplating it is rumored, making up some inexpensive covers of the same sort which can be offered for sale at seaside places and in shops all over the country. The plan is to shape the "hats" so that they fit closely and comfortably and to ventilate them so that they do not interfere with breathing. One report said that the devices would be offered in several shapes and colors and would come in various sizes to fit noses large, small and medium.

A recently some makers of vacation accessories had beaten the users of the paper hat to the idea of protecting the nose, because they were selling sun goggles with a lightweight guard which was built into the piece connecting the eye frames. This guard, really shaped like a nose, was built into the piece connecting the eye frames. This guard, really shaped like a nose, was built into the piece connecting the eye frames.

If such a device reproduces the paper hats for noses the citizens who fear the thought of the idea will have no claim by which they can cash in on the fact that such chapeaus have been made for a century or more.



These Smart English Girls Covered Their Noses With Miniature Paper "Soldier Hats" to Keep the Sun Off the Easily-Sunburned Details of Their Features.

Using Movies to Cure Sick Minds

MOSCOW.

Experiments which have been going on for more than a year continue to work out successfully, several hospitals in the U. S. S. R. will be equipped with special movie theatres where patients suffering from many sorts of mental disorders may enjoy cinema shows, not primarily as entertainment, but as a part of the treatment to bring them back to normal. Already Soviet doctors are writing reports and delivering addresses to their colleagues on the ultra-modern topic of "cinema-therapy" which, in common terms, means movie cure. They say that epileptics in the Psychiatric Hospital on the outskirts of this city have shown a marked improvement in their condition, because they have been shown a series of movies especially made for them. In every case the subject matter was "calm and slow-paced. The actors performed of quiet

natural beauty in the woods or beside the waters of some mirror-like lake. They spoke in subdued voices and indulged in no highly dramatic action.

For days, after one of these shows the epileptics were closely observed and many of them went for longer periods before they fell a victim to the violent fits which are evidence of an epileptic condition. Apparently the pictures induced a state of calmness and a saner outlook than the usual medical and psychiatric treatment.

Violent mental cases were shown another type of photoplay—light comedies that induced laughter. It is not so easy to get beneficial results with this form of insanity, but the doctors did note that many of the patients—some of whom had, at times, to be tied up in straitjackets—grew quieter after they had watched the funny goings-on and, for a time, quit thinking about themselves.

One series of films shown in hospitals and sanatoriums dealt with the treatment of alcoholics by hypnosis. In short, the drunkards were put in a trance and talked to until they believed that liquor is bad for them and that they like neither the taste nor the effect of the stuff. Many cures have been recorded.

Movies of some of these experiments were shown to alcoholics in hospital wards and, strangely enough, some of the spectators at the special movie shows fell into a deep hypnotic sleep, and upon awakening, found that they, too, had lost of an urge to drink. At the Moscow Hospital these cinema shows will be staged regularly for the next two years. The Government is behind the venture and will finance the making of the films. A full report of the effect of the movies on patients with different kinds and degrees of insanity will be made for the benefit of hospitals and doctors all over the country.

When the Cat's Away—Then His Sparrow Pal Doesn't Feel Playful

IT isn't safe to trust the average cat in the company of a bird, wild or domesticated, because it is the nature of the feline species to stalk and eat the creatures that are sometimes referred to as "our feathered friends." But the cat in the photographs below

is no average member of its kind, and neither is the sparrow which, believe it or not, is its best pal. The playmate belongs to Mrs. Lloyd Swenson of Minneapolis, who had the cat around the house for some time before she rescued an English sparrow that had the misfortune to get caught in a blizzard and the good luck to be "grounded" in the Swenson yard.

At first the fledgling was kept in a box lined with cotton and was bandaged to keep it alive and growing. When

it was able to hop about the house and fly from chair to desk the cat exhibited a keen interest in the newcomer and probably would have run true to type and killed the sparrow except for the patient training of Mrs. Swenson.

The woman, having heard that such things are possible, set out to introduce the cat and bird and make them like each other. Time and again she placed the bird within striking distance of the feline and kept a sharp eye on the cat. The pet watched its tail behavior, the cat and the sparrow soon

which came natural to cats, wild and domestic. But every time that the cat seemed about to attack Mrs. Swenson would intervene and pet the animal at the same time holding the sparrow near the cat.

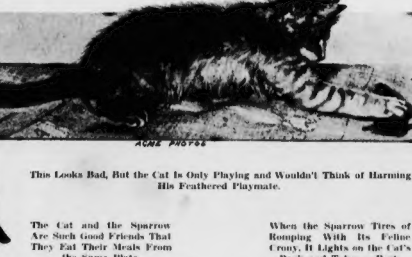
In short order the tabby got the idea that its mistress liked the sparrow, too, and wanted no violence. It quit stalking and exhibited a curiosity which was reciprocated. Finally it was safe to leave the bird on the table, or the floor, with the cat nearby. Breaking all the natural laws of behavior, the cat and the sparrow soon

became friends in spite of the fact that the cat sometimes got a bit rough in its play. It would swipe at the bird with one of its forepaws but always kept its sharp claws cushioned. In time the sparrow got used to being nuzzled and would retaliate with pecks of its beak, being careful, too, not to make the maneuvers seem serious.

In time the pets began eating their meals together and the bird would occasionally rest between the cat's paws when the feline tired of the sunbathing. Mrs. Swenson, when she no

longer had any fear that murder would be committed if she didn't keep an eye out, left the pets to their own devices.

The cat's favorite stunt, when it wants to hold up the play for a time, is to pin the bird to the floor with a paw and hold it there, but the sparrow has a clever bit of strategy, too. When the going gets too tough it hops up on the cat's back and hangs on with its frail claws.



This Looks Bad, But the Cat Is Only Playing and Wouldn't Think of Harming His Feathered Playmate.

The Cat and the Sparrow Are Such Good Friends That They Eat Their Meals From the Same Plate.

When the Sparrow Tires of Romping With Its Feline Cousin, It Lights on the Cat's Back and Takes a Rest.

How to Judge a Girl by Her Make-Up

Novel Theories of Dr. Liszt, Expert in Disguises, on How to Pick Your Future Wife by What She Does to Her Face--and Here He Shows How 1 Girl Can Look Like 8



THE HOME-LOVING GIRL. Uses Rouge Sparingly, But Redden Her Lips Without Trying to Reshape Them. She Is a "Powder-Puff Bouncer" and Dabs Her Nose and Cheeks.



THE NAGGIN' GIRL. It's the Same Face, But She Has Plucked Her Eyebrows Too Severely, Just as She Does Everything Else. She Lines Her Eyelids With Pencils. For Other Mannerisms See Text.



THE EXTRAVAGANT GIRL. She Has Run Wild With Rouge, Lipstick, Powder, Eyeshadow, Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Powder Base, Just as She Might Run Wild With Your Money.



THE AMBITIOUS GIRL. She Makes Up Discreetly. Her Eyebrows Are Made Up at the Ends. Her Lips Are Carefully Rounded. But Too Often Her Nose Shines.

By DR. RUDOLPH G. LISZT.

(Famous American Expert in Disguises and Make-up.)

LOVE may not be totally blind, as the poets say it is, yet during the courting season a man usually suffers from a temporary short-sightedness that prevents him from seeing his sweetheart as she really is. So after the honeymoon is over and his eyesight gets back to normal, he is often quite shocked to discover the kind of a girl he has married.

But there are always plain sign posts for his guidance--and if he would only give the art of make-up a little serious thought he wouldn't have to be very sharp-sighted to read them, and thus avoid the mistake of picking the wrong wife. When a girl wants a man to "pop the question," it's the most natural thing in the world for her to try to hide any characteristics her feminine instinct tells her might drive him away. If she is inclined to be extravagant and he is the economical type, she can fool him by saying:

"Oh, let's take a streetcar instead of a taxi cab." She can hide a tendency to be nagging by holding her tongue. If she is the home-loving type, but knows that isn't what he wants, she can fool him by pretending to be frivolous. But there is one thing she cannot do. She cannot hide her true character when she makes up her face. Regardless of what her intentions are, she will make a sign post of it every time. No matter how much she may have been striving to submerge certain traits she thinks her mother wouldn't like when she picks up her eyebrow pencil, her lipstick and her powder puff, what she really is comes out in the way she uses them on her face.

As can be seen from the photographs on this page, I can make up the same girl to look like eight different types, each one so distinctive from all the others that it's difficult to tell they are all the same girl. But 800 girls or 8,000 for that matter following their own ideas, would be bound to make themselves up in a way that would betray their innermost natures. They just couldn't help it.

First of all, consider the home-loving girl, portrayed in the photograph at the left of the panel across the top of the page. She doesn't exactly approve of make-up, and she would be shocked if anybody told her she was trying to get her husband to add her to, name the day. But that is what she is doing, just the same, and to keep herself from looking "too plain" she compromises with her principles and uses a little make-up. Otherwise, her boy friend might think she is a "flat tire," which she probably will be after she gets him safely past the altar.

But being the domestic type, she uses cosmetics cautiously and sparingly, to keep herself from looking like a flibbertigibbet, and the result is a dead give-away to the practical eye. She puts just enough rouge on her lips to look as if a blush were creeping over them, and she wouldn't think of trying to reshape her lips or make them more full.

Then what I call a "powder-puff bouncer" comes next. She may curb her tongue, during the courting season, and pretend to be as sweet as pie, but when she makes up her face the severe side of her nature will assert itself. Her eyebrows will be plucked until they are almost bald, and her reluctance to suit her inherent feeling for austerity. But in her impatience she will pencil them so they look shaky toward the temples. She also makes the mistake of using the same pencil on her eyelids, and that gives her a cross look, which is just the impression she doesn't want to convey. As for her lips, she's so used to drawing them tightly together that when she puts some rouge on them she only daubs a little in the center, and soon has most of that off, unconsciously giving them a chewed-off look.

Next is the extravagant girl, who is a spendthrift with her make-up, as with everything else. She looks like a painted doll. When she is trying to catch her man she may prattle about how she wants to settle down and help him save money, but if she is the type who dares on make-up in this reckless manner, it's a safe bet she will make just as complete a job of spending his hard-earned dollars once she is married. The danger signals here are the thickly beaded eyebrows, heavily outlined eyes, bold eyebrows and lips so freely coated with rouge they



THE TWO-TIMER. She Forces Her Make-Up; Eyebrows So Shaved, Pencilled and Plucked, They Look Artificial. Her Taste in Make-Up Is Flimsy, a Halfpenny.

THE VAMP. Too Sophisticated in Make-Up. Eyes Heavily Shadowed and Eyelashes Darkened. She Rouges a Vivid Red and Her Lips Are Moist.



THE CLINGING VINE. She Doesn't Pay Enough Attention to Detail. Her Eyebrows Are Not Pencilled Right, for One Thing. See Text.



THE INTRICATE GIRL. She Looks Outshone Because Her Eyebrows Have Been Pencilled Into a Slim, Almost Semi-Circular Line. Her Lips Are Neglected. She Doesn't Know How to Improve on Nature.

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look petulant. As a wife, she will be petulant, too--if she doesn't get a generous allowance.

On the other hand, the ambitious girl, in the upper right corner of the page, uses her cosmetics with discretion. Her eyebrows are carefully shaped at the ends, and she puts shadows about her eyes, which makes them seem keen and penetrating. It may be that she feels these are characteristics that should be suppressed to keep from frightening away the man she wants, but even so, she just can't help emphasizing them in the way she makes up her eyes. Her lips are carefully rounded all the way to the corners, but the shape of the mouth is not altered, which shows she is more forthright than deceitful. In the way she makes herself up, she is practical and direct. And in business or in love, she is the same. But a man who wants a wife who will romp through life with him, letting tomorrow take care of itself, had better stay away from her, because her eye is always on the future.

The glammer girl, in the center of the page is what I call the two-timer type. She's ambitious, too, but in a different way, usually the wrong way. All over her face are signs that should warn the serious-minded man to beware. She follows every make-up fad started by movie stars and usually mixes them all up indiscriminately. Her eyes in imitation of Greta Garbo, for instance, and her mouth as near like Joan Crawford's as she can get it. It doesn't better her in the least if the sun-kissed powder with which she coats her cheeks is out of keeping with her lips and eyes. She doesn't care about being consistent, or consistent, either, and this should be a hint that she is able to be just as inconsistent and inconsistent with her affections.

Even more dangerous, perhaps, is the vamp type on the left, for she disguises her wickedness by sticking to one type of make-up and making the most of it. But this in itself should be a warning, and no man who feels himself falling for her should be deceived into believing he is the one and only man who can "reach her to the depths of her being," her soulmate, as she will quite likely tell him he is. There is art in the way her eyebrows are heavily plucked and arched, in the way her lips are curved and her nose divinely shadowed. Altogether, the effect is mysterious and alluring, but if an unwary suitor doesn't read the signs right, the only mystery later on is liable to be how his mark he could have made such a mistake as to think she was never going to try to allure anybody else after marrying him.

The swish girl on the right is the impractical type, and this is sure to stick out all over her face, no matter how much she tries to convince her sweet-heart what a helpful little wife she would be. She thinks well-defined, high-arched eyebrows indicate common sense and a lot of ability of some sort or other. So she fixes them up, but she overdoes it. She thinks a small, trim mouth is the sign of a good housekeeper, so she tightens it up until it looks prim and "prissy." But all this vagueness about her face probably corresponds to a vagueness about things in general, and when she is married she will probably fluster around from morning to night, waving her hands, and never keep her house.

Of course, there are a good many other types than these shown on this page. There's the artistic type. Her lips are a warm red, fully shaped, and she knows how to improve her eyes and eyebrows. Her love of color sometimes leads her astray, giving her a sort of super-ecstasy appearance. The economical girl is neat and conservative. Rouge is used sparingly, if at all. Lipstick matches the color of the lips, and her cheek bones and chin always need a little more powder.

The lady girl is the natural opposite of the economical girl. Her lips are smeared and uneven, and her face is plastered with powder. Her cheeks are rouged but in the wrong places, usually somewhere along the nostril line. When she takes the final look at herself in the mirror she knows something is wrong and tries to cover it up with one more dab of powder.

Presenting "Queenie"—the Cow Comedienne

I took Delosa Wilke, 24-year-old farmer boy from Kearney, Nebraska, four years to disprove the theory that cows are dumb. Wilke likes animals and he discovered that, with kind treatment, he could get any animal to do nearly anything he wanted it to do. He started teaching his livestock to do circus tricks, his saddle horse responded quickly, but that was no great accomplishment for there were many trained horses in the world. Then came a police dog and a sheep. Finally he decided he would try what had always been considered the impossible—to train an ordinary, pasture-variety milk cow. "Queenie" drew the assignment and, to Wilke's surprise, she responded more quickly than any animal he had worked with.

In no time at all he had her standing on a box with her front feet and even got her to cross her feet in a catty pose. By painting a flagstick with molasses he soon found he could get her to hold it in her mouth. With a little coaching she would wave the

flag like any good American patriot. This trick showed Wilke that "Queenie" has a sweet tooth, so he experimented with other sweets. Cookies, candy and sugar all helped him complete the education of his unusual bovine performer. Ginger snaps brought out the best in "Queenie." She goes for them like a seal for a sardine.

"Queenie" repertoire of tricks includes pivoting on a swivel platform, balancing herself on a see-saw, prancing to music (and she prefers the one-step), lying down and morning, holding a large pipe in her



mouth, wearing specially built spectacles.

The funniest trick of all is the way she sits down on her rear end and eats out of a plate at a table.

So far she hasn't learned to use a knife and fork but that doesn't handicap her in the least when it comes to disposing of a dish of ginger snaps. Wilke has taught her never to get up from a sitting position unless he whispers in her ear. You can yank on her bridle, pull her tail, push her and shout at her but she won't get up until Wilke whispers gently in her ear—then she rises without the least bit of coaxing.

When asked why he didn't capitalize on "Queenie's" talents as a trickster, Wilke replied: "Ah, she's not an actor. I'd be scared to death to go out in front of a lot of strangers. I did take her to the county fair in Kearney one year—they give me ten dollars, too, but I

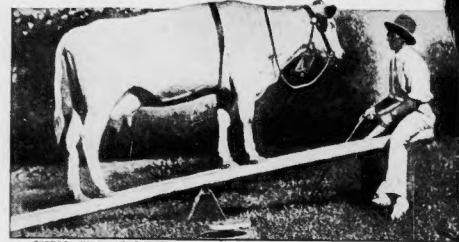
don't think I'd like to go with one of these circus or rodeo." Then he added hastily: "I sure would like to get one of them circus zebras, though, so I could teach it to do tricks with 'Queenie'."

Two movie studios have tried to get Wilke to bring his trained cow to Hollywood to make a picture but so far they haven't been able to persuade him to leave his native state. He believes, however, that Queenie has it all over any movie stars he could mention.

Besides her ability as a performer, "Queenie" gives five gallons of milk daily. She's five years old and is a Dutch-Belted short horn. She's pure white without any markings and is really a very beautiful animal. Wilke has worked with her since she was a yearling.

Lately, however, the highly successful cow trainer has overcome his shyness about showing off Queenie's talents before groups of spectators and is getting so he really enjoys having a crowd around her, laughing at the cow's antics—and provide him with a more or less steady income.

Some folks on Kearney way predict that if Delosa keeps on the way he's going, they'll have him and his educated honey in a circus and he'll gather a lot more fame and money than he ever figured on. Delious sort of feels that way, too.



With as Much Pose as a Circus Pony the Trained Cow Rides on a See-Saw. Her Master, Delosa Wilke, Sits on the Other End of the Board.

"Queenie," the Nebraska Barnyard Comedienne All Dressed Up for Her Repertoire of Tricks.

Modernistic Dance That Gave Parisians a Thrill

PARIS. THE stages and night club floors of the French capital beckon to dancers all over the world. To make a hit here is a guarantee of high pay and the sort of publicity to bring contracts from a dozen cities in Europe and elsewhere in the world. But if Paris is a mecca for the disciples of Terpsichore, it also is a place where dancers are very much on the spot and pass quickly from the picture if they fail to please the natives and the sun-bathing visitors to the city by the Seine.

The Dorville Sisters, shown in the photograph below, were well aware of

the potentialities and the dangers of Paris when they went there to offer their repertoire to customers who pay well for being amused and register disapproval in no uncertain terms when a divertimento fails to click with them.

The dancers were, however, confident that they would get on all right in this highly critical community—and they were right. From the night of their first performance the sound of appreciative palms smacking together rang in their ears and their success was reported in the journals of the metropolitan as well.

The Dorvilles are not quite like any

other dancing team that Paris has seen in recent years. They are graceful dancers with faces and figures that please the eye. But they also are remarkable acrobats who could, if necessary, find a place for themselves with a circus. In short, they are athletes as well as dancers and can show many a contortionist and tumbler a few tricks that are not to be found in the usual routine.

Wise, the young women patterned their performance after a modern idea they "streamlined" their offering and presented the customers a series of studies in angles and curves, acrobatically worked out so that even their

most casual poses seemed physically difficult and, somehow, dramatic.

The photograph below, when analyzed, is nothing more spectacular than two young women doing two more-or-less familiar tricks of the stage. One of the sisters is "splitting" her long legs in a straight line and her arms thrust backward to grasp one of her slim ankles. Hundreds of performers can do the same thing. The other member of the team is doing a handstand which, likewise, is a stunt not especially hard for a trained acrobat.

Yet these two familiar tricks were so cleverly combined that, as one newspaper critic wrote, "their young and graceful bodies made a most pleasing and exciting pattern. The spectators burst into spontaneous applause as though they were seeing something entirely different."

The Dorvilles are taking no chances with their popularity. Like members of a ballet troupe, they go to a gymnasium every day, rain or shine, to keep themselves strong and limber.



The Nightclubbers of the French Capital, Who Have Seen Just About Everything in the Form of Dancing, Can't See Too Much of the Dorville Sisters in Their Graceful and Acrobatic Dance Which Has Been Described as Modernistic and Streamlined.

Lightless Lighthouses to Guide Mariners

BERLIN. NAVIGATION experts from all over the world recently got together in this city at the International Sea Marks Congress. Their main business was to discuss ways of making it simpler and safer for the skippers of ships to sail in and out of the ports of the world without getting off the course and running into shoals or on the rocks.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the meeting was a discussion of what might be called lightless lighthouses which, if experiments already carried out in Germany seem to demonstrate, will some day replace most of the beacons, steady, revolving and blinking, that shine their warnings to mariners on the Seven Seas.

The modern "lighthouse," it seems, won't have any light in it at all but compact and highly efficient radio equipment which sends out a powerful

beam which can be picked up many miles from shore—much further than the most powerful light could shine.

The new-day "lighthouse" will enable the skipper of an ocean liner, or a fishing boat, to do much the same thing as a pilot in an airplane "flying blind." The navigator, in other words, won't have to see where he's going, but will only have to hear that he's on the right path by a constant stream of radio dots and dashes, which he picks up on a receiving set.

The Germans call these ultra-modern beacons "radio houses" and have been experimenting with a powerful one on the shore of Kiel Bay for many months. Hundreds of ships have depended on the lightless lighthouse for accurate directions about the course in and out of port and have found the method highly satisfactory.

The electric hum of the radio signals is as useful in the daytime as at night. They come in as sharp in foggy weather as in clear weather. It is possible for a captain to pilot his ship through the narrow entrance of a harbor straight through the middle of the channel without depending on the eyes of a lookout for information.

No matter of a vessel attempts to navigate "blind" because of the danger of colliding with other craft, but he could do so and get in and out of port without the slightest danger of getting out of the channel, however twining the water lane might be.

The day of the shining lighthouse is not over, of course, but as the years go by it is likely that more and more of these beacons will be outfitted by lightless "radio houses" which will give their directions to the ear and not the eye.

Convicts Build Own Prison

WHEN the law catches up with a man and puts him behind bars, his lot seems hard enough to him. But when the same law decides that convicts shall do the labor on the "pen" in which they are to be locked up—well, that's the last word.

So it would seem, but it isn't working out that way in Ouidham County, Kentucky, where more than 400 prisoners are now working for months erecting a new reformatory to replace the one at Frankfort, which was wrecked by the recent flood.

When the old building was washed out it was holding twice as many men and women as it could comfortably accommodate. That's why the State decided to put up a new one—and let the inmates do most of the hard work. It was expected that there would be some grumbling at this sort of penal servitude but the convicts, now they got into the swing of the job in the open air and sunshine, felt better, quarreled less among themselves and gave much less trouble to their guards. The exercise put many of them in better physical condition than they had been for years, increased their appetites and gave them a real interest in life. From day to day they watched the walls of their jail go up and they took pride in their accomplishment.

Some of the prisoners had a knowledge of the building trades and could do carpentering, bricklaying and cement work.

Along with the handle the prisoners are constructing a dam to impound a lake which will provide the reformatory with water. But the camp is still well guarded, being ringed about with 14 outposts manned by uniformed men who are keen of eye, sworn to their discipline and quick on the trigger.

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Rubber Raincoats For Hats

ROME. FOR many years the makers of caps for officers of the army and navy have provided waterproof covers for these top-pieces, but it is only recently that an inventor, inspired by watching his fellow citizens save their hats in a rainstorm, conceived the bright notion of designing a practical "raincoat" for fedoras.

How well he succeeded can be seen in the photographs at the right and below. This nonchalant subject of Mussolini, who looks a bit on the sour side as a demonstrator of a boot to mankind, is shown fitting the flexible cover over his felt hat and wearing the hat when it is fixed for a spell of damp weather.

It was more trouble than it might seem to get the invention just right. The rubber, for instance, had to be so thick that it is difficult to stretch over a hat and it must have flexibility without pulling overmuch, thus forcing the hat out of shape.

These "raincoats" come in different sizes, despite their elastic character. In other words the cover for a size 6 1/2 is smaller than one intended to save the surface and the shape of a 7 1/2, for example. What is more, the covers are made in an assortment of colors, but most of them are black, gray or brown.

The gadgets are not expensive and take up little room in the pocket, where they are carried in a thin case something on the order of a tobacco pouch.

The inventor visioned a likely and profitable market for rubber covers for women's hats, but gave up in despair because of the great variety of shapes and sizes.



An Italian Inventor Thought Up This Rubber Raincoat for Felt Hats. The Device Fits Neatly and Stretches in a Variety of Colors.

Virginia's Search for a Real "Man in Overalls"

Guessed Wrong When She Picked Young Henry H. Rogers, III, Who Promptly Changed His Working Clothes For a Millionaire Playboy's Dress Suit, So Now She Goes Back to the Other Overalled Suitor She Had Rejected



Alfred Ramsay Waters, Also in Overalls at the Time of Virginia's Marriage to Playboy Rogers, But Who Has Since Become a Successful Business Man and Virginia's New Husband

On the Right—Henry H. Rogers, III, in His Overalls as a Mechanic at 23 Cents an Hour When Serious-Minded Miss Lincoln Met Him.



Whatever we are, or whatever we'll be, at home or far, on the land or the sea, there's no brighter star, the of humble degree.

And no one his game recalls. The man in the blue and the man in the gold. Have done well, that's true, let their fame never grow old. But greater than all, is the one that we call The man in the overalls.

From the "Man in the Overalls" by Van Meter Moore, published in the New York Times.

VIRGINIA Lincoln, of Cleveland, Ohio, was a serious-minded girl and she wanted to marry a working man, but being also a fashionable society Junior League girl she wanted a husband who would get somewhere by his work.

Back in 1927 she met an attractive young man in overalls who was getting 23 cents an hour as a mechanic in an oil company machine shop. His name was Henry H. Rogers in the payroll. Also in Cleveland at that time and also in overalls was another attractive young man. His name was Alfred Ramsay Waters and he worked in the warehouse of a big Cleveland chain store and where overalls Mr. Rogers got his hands and face full of grease overalls Mr. Waters got his hair full of dust and excelsior.

Mr. Waters met Virginia at a party, and soon learning her theories about the character and soul building effects of work, her dislike for rich idlers, playboys and playgirls, he admired her greatly.

But about that same time Virginia also met Mr. Rogers, who impressed her as being the more serious-minded of the two.

So she married the overalled Henry, and it turned out immediately that she had guessed very wrong indeed. For Henry was really Henry Huddleston Rogers, III, the son of Col. H. H. Rogers, a millionaire, and he at once climbed out of his overalls and into a tailor-made dress suit as fast as a butterfly emerged from its chrysalis and he never went back.

On the other side she was freed from Henry and married Alfred, who while he has also shed his overalls and became manager of a chain store, still believes as strongly as ever in working and is getting somewhere, and not as did Henry in getting bewilderingly everywhere. And now all Virginia's friends point to her search is over.

Any number of girls might have thought Henry's transformation as wonderful as the famous affair of Cinderella and Prince Charming—not that Virginia was ever a Cinderella except from choice—but she did not. But it turned out to be an ironic twist that she had played on her.

It appeared it had been the late Colonel's plan to have young Henry learn the business from the oily bottom up, but the oil he had never thought much of the idea. He did

not see why he should go to all that trouble any more than his sister Millicent should be asked to sweep the cellar of the Rogers mansion at Sixty-fourth Street, New York City, or Southampton, Long Island, as a preparatory training for marrying Count Salm von Hogsstraten. If that was why the Salm romance blew up so suddenly it did not inspire Millicent to crush up on the housewife industry before trying again with Arthur Ramsay. Further more Henry could find no record that even the great John D. Rockefeller had ever been any good as a mechanic.

Between the time he threw away his overalls and the wedding, Virginia had the impression that her future husband was still working, but in a more interesting line. He told her so himself and the newspapers confirmed it.

The young man was in the moving picture industry, the very one which most women would like to be in. He was a camera man and properly enough was learning it from the ground up. He started in taking "shorts," which have nothing to do with the well-known scholastic article of clothing by that name.

"Shorts," photographically speaking, are close-ups of such things as hands turning keys in locks or firing pistols. Mr. Rogers' first job was photographing a lady's foot stubbing its toe on a brick.

The reason for this was that Rogers had no union card and apprentices are not permitted to "shoot" full length, paid actors, though perhaps some ought to be.

The young man supplied his own camera and a gorgeous white suit. The movie studio furnished the film and paid him a minimal salary. He did not mention how many figures that salary ran into and Virginia did not ask. One



Henry Rogers, Coaching Two of His Stars in His Ill-Fated "Nudist" Film Shortly After He Left His Mechanic's Job.

does not discuss world money matters with sense of wealth until after marriage. The salary ran into just one figure—he was one of those dollar-a-year men.

Shortly before the wedding he achieved promotion from feet and hands to a mad scene. Still without a union card, he was permitted to take the crowd at a Madison Square Garden prize fight, because there were not paid actors.

Right near him, a couple of bankers in ragside seats got into an altercation which had almost reached the stage of blows, when one of them noticed that Henry was grinning away at them. They stopped squabbling and raised such a rumpus that a squad of ushers laid violent hands on the lowly, white and live's camera, and all, clear out onto Eighth Avenue. The news reporters thought giving the hair the air was worth mentioning, along with the advertised fights. His work was getting him into

lived happily-ever-after finish. But fate had to add a few uncinematic chapters and then, as if realizing that it had ruined the story, go back to the beginning and start all over again.

No one objection to a poor working man who becomes a self-made millionaire is that he has to work so hard as to have little time to pay attention to his young wife. Henry shot at work at all and to devote all his time to the job of being a husband. But he had played at the other end and now he was equally a playboy husband, causing Virginia first to wonder and then worry.

Nobody seems to have accused Henry of being an insensitive husband, but Virginia thought that atrocious, like charity, should begin at home and also stay there. However, millionaires are different. They spread their charities all over and Mrs. Rogers began to feel that he was spreading his atten-

tion the more earlier than John D. and he told Virginia that the studio had promised to double his salary.

And so one day in 1929 while Alfred was still moving packing cases at a hundred Virginia and the oil had celebrated what was called a "brilliant" wedding.

The new wife, who had not worked too hard at her task of art director for the "Gage" pictures, had married a rich man's son who had worked only hard enough to cross a few threads and skin his knuckles once or twice as a mechanic and to get thrown out of a prize fight where the ushers did all the work in involved.

It was time to face out on a faded happily-ever-after finish. But fate had to add a few uncinematic chapters and then, as if realizing that it had ruined the story, go back to the beginning and start all over again.

What kind of a picture could it be? A dreadful suspicion formed in her mind and investigation confirmed her worst fears. It was a nudist picture with all sorts of blondes and brunettes cavorting about. Henry had gotten out of the "shorts" stage, in both senses of the word. The picture was not a success from the point of view either of the box office or Virginia. She never asked him to work again.

After that Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, III, seem to have become more and more estranged until finally they saw little of each other. On the old theory that what you don't know won't hurt you, Mrs. Rogers tolerated the situation from far away. But one day something happened at her husband's lonely farm, near Westchester, Pa., which not only she but the whole world knew about.



Not for Long Were the Young Henry Huddleston Rogers As Happy and Smiling As in This Photograph When on Their Honeymoon—And at Last, the Shadow of Ezzie Hovey, "Tooth Slinger," Who Killed Himself in Young Rogers' Country Home, Passed Tragically Over the Picture.

ACME PHOTO

Henry Hovey, pretty much angry, was shot to death in one of the bedrooms under mysterious circumstances.

At first young Rogers was held on suspicion, then a coroner's jury returned a verdict that who had been killed by a person or persons unknown, after changing it to suicide. Rogers, under oath admitted intimacy with the woman, and it was stated that she had killed herself in a fit of jealousy, not over Virginia, Henry's lawful wife, but still another woman whose picture she had found hanging in his bedroom.

To be honest that far out of the matrimonial picture was a little too much for Kentucky and there was talk of a divorce with \$10,000 a year alimony as long as Mrs. Rogers should choose to remain single and only \$5,000 otherwise. But, with the proverbial luck of playboys, with their women, we finally let him get the divorce on the ground of desertion and without any mention of settlement.

Justly dissatisfied with that dull ending, fate introduced a cut back to 1929, with overalls Mr. Rogers raising a dust in the corner of the warehouse. In the course of the following eight years he climbed in a slow but real sort of Henry's Alger plot up the ladder until he had become a chain store executive in Youngstown, Pa. He was a future self-made man quite well along in the making, without any real color in his hair or overalls.

Virginia and Mr. Waters met again and grew interested. One day he said:

"I always thought you were taking the wrong turn back here in 1929. Right," said Mrs. Rogers, "but where do I go from here?"

"You marry me, first as you should have in the first place," he told her, and she did.

It was a very quiet wedding at the house of the bride's sister, Mrs. Randall Rose of Cleveland Heights, in contrast to the big high-society event of her first one, attended by the Rogers family and many other important persons, including Enrico Caruso's widow, this paper said that his first wedding: The Unitarian Church, with its chance background transformed with masses of southern snail, Easter service to the Rev. Dwight Lupton, pastor of the church. Dr. William R. Lincoln, the bride's father, gave her a necklace of pearls, which was a princely model of cream satin, trimmed with round neck and long, light sleeves. The bride's veil of tulle also was untrimmed. Her bouquet was a shower of cream and white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Following the wedding, a reception was given at the Mayfield Country Club and this in itself also was an event that Cleveland society will remember. The large bay window enclosures in the clubhouse living room, which you don't know won't hurt you, Mrs. Rogers tolerated the situation from far away. But one day something happened at her husband's lonely farm, near Westchester, Pa., which not only she but the whole world knew about.

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Let the Taxpayers Pay the Alimony?

Interesting Plan of the National Divorce Reform League by Which Almost Any Woman Can Have a Divorce and Support, Even If Her Husband Is a Tramp



THE MARRIAGE
Quint Old Satiric Drawing Showing the Progress of Love from First Sight to the Divorce Court—With the Aggregate of the Public Treasury of the States Symbolized by Each Sam As Being the Alimony.



THE BABY
The Quarrel



THE NEW IDEA
ALIMONY

THE National Divorce Reform League, whose main object is to establish uniform divorce laws throughout the United States, has another plan which it would like to have the New York State Legislature pass at its next session and which should be more interesting to the average taxpayer, since it touches his pocketbook more closely.

This is to relieve a husband from going to jail for not paying alimony to his wife and to place upon the taxpayer the responsibility of supporting her and any children she may have, if the husband isn't able to do it.

Every wife who has reached the "age of consent," which is twenty-five years, is to be entitled to divorce and alimony, even if she is the "guilty party" and whether her husband has any money or not. If he is not earning more than \$30 a week, the State digs down into its treasury for her weekly bail and aid for the support of the children.

This in effect, is to make the alimony not so cheerful taxpayer the third party to the divorce, without a chance to defend himself, opponents of the measure point out, adding that it also allows an irresponsible man who has already sinned one wife and family the right to marry again and start another family headed for the public payroll. The present New York law forbids the guilty party to marry within the lifetime of the other, except with the court's consent, which cannot be given for at least three years. This is interfering with an individual's right to the pursuit of happiness, the League thinks, and should be abolished.

The only delay, says the League, would be a compulsory five years which, under its plan, must elapse between the application for any marriage license and its issuance. During that time the application would have to be posted in the clerk's office and published in a newspaper.

Even if these proposals are passed, the divorce millennium will not have quite arrived. Up to the age of twenty-five, a girl will have to give some thought as to whether she is likely to live peacefully with the man of her choice. If she is under twenty-five, she can still throw him out the moment she tires of him or thinks she would prefer another man, but neither she nor the taxpayer will owe her a cent unless he has been married to him for at least one year.

At present a New York divorce can be obtained only for infidelity. In addition to this the League has a long list of reasons. Two years legal separation, living apart for five years, desertion for three, abandonment and non-support for three, cruelty, mental cruelty, incurable insanity, conviction and sentence for a felony or crime, or sentence for a crime in cruelty, in other States has provided some elastic that it includes most everything, even divorce for too fast and criticizing a wife for displaying herself almost nude on the beach. The League points out that because of New York's strict divorce law most all its divorce business has been driven to Reno and other centers of liberality.

It is planned that both parties to a divorce action must be represented in court. If the defendant fails to appear the court shall appoint a third party to represent him, which is supposed to be for the protection of the absentee's interests. But if such a law is constitutional it would put the man's property under the jurisdiction of the court.

which would then hand over a large slice of it to the wife.

This may seem a bit severe, but the League offers to mitigate an apprenticeship before the wife can sue. The plan as set forth is as follows:

"If the wife has lived with her husband less than six years she cannot be bonded upon, as having contributed to the building of his estate and therefore is not deserving of his continued support. However, if she has children and they be awarded to the mother, then she is to receive \$10 a week for the first and \$5 for each additional one. He must, however, have an income greater than \$30 a week before he is liable to the payments."

"If the wife is over twenty-five and has lived with her husband two years, she is entitled to 25 per cent of his estate up to \$50,000, and a third of all over that, also \$15 a week for alimony. It is assumed that during this period she has contributed to the building up of the estate and is entitled to it in it."

That if a wife has lived with her husband for ten years she is entitled to half of the first \$50,000, regardless of her age.

By keeping the bulk of the marriage and divorce business at home, the League figures New York will take in quite a lot of money.

"When the saving that such a plan brings to the State is considered, the League claims, it becomes problematical whether any additional revenue is necessary (for the free alimony). With such a law there will be no need for alimony jails. The bulk of civil litigation at the present time are alimony defaulters."

Mrs. Etta S. Miller, Fashionable Society Matron, Whose Alimony Problems With Her Husband Would Be Much Simplified by the New Agreement.

Under the proposed new law this status would not have made the slightest difference and the entirely unceremonious husband would have had to see at least a third of his estate handed over to Peggy and on top of that would have been obliged to pay her \$15 a week the rest of her life.

Charles Ray is another attractive actress who would have fared better under the proposed law. Miss Ray, who has had no many husbands as don't remember their names very well and can't be sure whether it was five or six, tried to get a judge to grant her \$500 a week alimony from her next-to-last husband, Charles E. Carnevale, son of a multi-millionaire, by telling him he had given her a \$20,000 automobile, a \$15,000 chinchilla coat and a 25-carat ring, all of which she considered proof of his ability to pay. But the judge thought otherwise and she didn't get a cent. Under the League's plan, she would at least be entitled to \$15 a week, of course,

Claire Ray, Another Attractive Actress, Who Has Had Five or Six (she Can't Remember) Husbands, But Who Can Collect Alimony Only from One. No Matter How Many Times she Married Under the Proposed New Law, the Lucky Break for the Taxpayer.

seeking quarters now, and they were stuck with the alimony instead of the taxpayer, as under the reformed plan. Mrs. Etta S. Miller, society matron, would have been saved a lot of surprise and anguish by the League's idea when she convinced Supreme Court Justice Raymond E. Aldrich of Westchester, N. Y., that her husband had been guilty of repeated infidelity with a Russian Princess who was known as Mrs. Biri and also the family's pretty French maid, Miss Jeannette, who obligingly came into court and confessed all about it. Yet it did not do Mrs. Miller a lot of good.

If true, it was ample grounds for divorce, but for reasons of her own, she preferred to ask only for separation with alimony which is supposed to be easier to get. But Mrs. Miller said her wealthy husband, Robert McWilliam Miller, had carried on his affairs so discreetly that she never suspected his philandering until his affairs were all over. Then it was too late for her to be sufficiently upset to warrant a separation, though a divorce would have been in order.

The Rev. Mr. Carl C. Walker, Whose Church Agreed to Pay His Alimony and Still Is, But Who Would Be Relieved of This Burden at the Expense of the Public.

she could only collect from one ex-husband at a time. The congregation of the Trinity Tabernacle, Kansas City, Missouri, would no doubt have welcomed the League's divorce reforms with hosannas and halloahs. In 1920 their beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Carl C. Walker, had been divorced by his wife and gotten into alimony default. Mrs. Walker with a squad of deputy sheriffs broke into the rectory and started carting off all the minister's worldly goods.

In this crisis Mr. Walker prayed for help and it came in the form of several influential parishioners who paid the wife \$500 cash down and obligated the wife to underwrite all future payments of \$50 a week alimony. This was all right as long as the church thought its pastor was worth it, but the spirit moved him to wander away, and he was not to be seen again.

Peggy Rich, Well-Known Actress, Who Despite the Adverse Aspects to Her of Her Divorce, Could Collect \$15 a Week for Life If the New Law Is Passed.

alimony the rest of her life or until she marries again.

5. Any wife who has lived with her husband ten years or less than ten years and is still under twenty-five years is not entitled to any share of his estate.

6. If a wife has lived with her husband for two years but less than ten years and is over twenty-five years she is entitled to 25 per cent of his estate up to \$50,000 and one-third of anything over that.

7. If a wife has lived with her husband for two years but less than ten years and is over twenty-five years she is entitled to 25 per cent of his estate up to \$50,000 and one-third of anything over that.

8. If a wife has lived with her husband less than two years, regardless of her age, she is not entitled to any share of his estate.

9. If a wife has lived with her husband for two years but less than ten years and is over twenty-five years she is entitled to 25 per cent of his estate up to \$50,000 and one-third of anything over that.

10. If a husband is making enough money and care to make a private agreement, outside the court, he can do so, but under no circumstances can a wife sue a husband for more than \$15 a week for the support of her child.

11. If the husband is earning only \$30 a week, or less, the State pays the entire \$15 a week to his wife.

12. If he is earning more than \$30 a week he pays a proportionate share of the children's upkeep, so far as her income from her share of the estate goes. For example, a wife with one child receives at the time of the divorce her 25 per cent of a \$20,000 estate. That would be \$5,000. At 3 per cent interest, that would bring her \$150 a year. The cost of supporting a child is arbitrarily placed at \$250 a year or \$10 a week. She would then pay \$130 of that, and her husband or the State the remaining \$170. At 3 per cent, the husband's income from his three-quarters of the estate would be \$450 a year. If his total income, including this \$450, is only \$30 a week, the State would then pay her \$170 a year, or \$7.11 a week, and she would be paying the remaining \$2.89



*A pack o'
pleasure*

...a kit-full of the good things
you want in a cigarette... *refreshing*
mildness...good taste...pleasing aroma

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and you'll have MORE PLEASURE
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Mystery of the Blue Dust Storms on the Planet Mars

Astronomers Puzzled to Account for the Strange Haze That Suddenly Cloaked Our Dry Neighbor and Vanished Abruptly in a Day

Dust clouds in space constitute perhaps the greatest menace to Earth and its companion planets. Since one of these huge "cosmic fogs" might wipe out all life—many times the "Dusts for the Record" on Mars might be an encounter with a comparatively small cosmic cloud of this kind, which fortunately did not cross our path.

ON WHAT was May 20 of this year, something happened to our neighboring planet Mars which puzzled astronomers greatly and may be of the utmost importance to dwellers on earth. One of its possibilities is something happening to the Mars system which might make the earth a very different place to live in, or even make it impossible for man to live at all.

All through the earlier part of this year the air of Mars seemed to have been especially clear. The few dust storms which have been happening in the Dust Bowl of the western United States would explain this fact, except for one thing. Most astronomers believe that there is not enough air on Mars to start an all-enclosed dust storm and keep it going. That Dr. E. C. Sipher, head of the observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, reported at a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific and other scientific societies held at Denver, Colorado, was what greatly puzzled him and his associates who were watching the mysterious haze. But May 20 brought the greater puzzle. On that day, and abruptly, much of the dust on Mars vanished as though a clean strong breeze had suddenly come from somewhere and blown it all away. Not quite all of the visible side of the planet suddenly went dustless. Some spots of the blue haze were still to be seen, which is no reason why the astronomers know they really were seeing some change on Mars itself and not experiencing a mere optical illusion.

On earth, if some astronomer elsewhere were viewing the planet from outside, such changes would not be remarkable. Strong winds over the Middle West for a few days might raise a lot of dust into the air. Then a violent rainstorm might come along and wash nearly all of it out, perhaps in the space of a few hours.

The trouble in applying any such idea to Mars is that rainstorms on Mars are supposed to be impossible. Tests made by spectroscopists attached to the world's largest telescopes have proved to the satisfaction of the experts concerned that the air of Mars cannot contain more than about 1/20 of the water vapor ordinarily present in earth's air. This is far too little to make even a sprinkle, let alone a rainstorm violent enough to wash a clean atmosphere.

Yet Dr. Sipher's observations and photographs leave little doubt that the Martian atmosphere was extremely dusty in the early part of the earth's May and suddenly cleared up, as though by magic, on May 20. It still is anybody's guess as to just what really happened.

Dust in the air of Mars is measured from earth by means of an effect well known to all photographers. If there is much dust in the earth's air, the experienced photographer who wants to get a picture of a mountain or some other item of a distant landscape, knows that he must use a red or yellow filter over his lens. This is to cut out most of the blue rays of light. These blue rays are reflected by the dust in the air. If a photograph is

taken without the yellow filter, or with a blue filter, it will only show something that resembles a featureless mass of cloud or fog. The tall mountain will be hidden and not photographed at all.

Through the red-dust or yellow filter, on the other hand, the blue light reflected by the air is kept out while the red and yellow light from the distant landscape get through and are recorded on the plate. That is the way that reflecting light is taken from airplanes high in the air, so that the bluish light from dust in the lower air will not obscure details of the ground surface.

For several years the astronomers at Flagstaff have been making regular photographs of Mars, using through their large telescope with red or blue filters in front of the photographic plate. Through the blue filter what is photographed is really the air of Mars, with any dust that it contains. Through the red or yellow filters, the Martian air does not photograph, no matter how dusty it may be, but only the surface of the planet.

This means that the blue photographs are always a little larger than the red ones since the red pictures show the solid disk of the planet while the blue ones include the rim of the atmosphere which surrounds it. The point of Dr. Sipher's series of photographs this year was that the blue ones were so much larger than expected and the Martian atmosphere so much bluer, which means dustier, than usual in previous years.

So extreme was this effect that the air of Mars in April and early May was between two and three times as opaque to blue rays as is that of the air on earth. An amateur photographer on Mars would need to use his red or yellow filters all the time, instead of merely on days when the air was especially cloudy or hazy.

As Dr. Sipher noted at Denver, there seem to be only two possible ways to interpret this. One is that for some unknown reason, Mars has held fast to even more atmosphere than the earth has retained.

The other is that there has been present in the air of Mars this year some kind of dust with enormous abil-

ity to catch and reflect the blue rays of light. The second idea is regarded as much the more probable. That raises two more problems. What is this pervasive bluish dust, and what possibly could have got rid of so much of it within the single period of twenty-four earthly hours on May 20 of this year?

Possibly the dust may have been some kind of ice, perhaps like the very fine ice crystals that sometimes form in high levels of the earth's air and cause such appearances as rings around the moon or sun. If the air of Mars was filled with such an ice haze during early May and then warmed up for some reason on May 20 so that the ice haze evaporated, that would explain the facts.

In spite of the spectroscopic verdict that there is only a little water vapor in the air of Mars, and in spite of the fact that no real rainstorm nor any kind of lake, sea or river, ever has been seen on the planet's surface, it still is possible that there is enough water to produce an ice haze. Indeed, this is one of the few things about Mars which are reasonably certain for

the planet because they must be so, even though they have not been seen. The only other thing that resembles a featureless mass of cloud or fog. The tall mountain will be hidden and not photographed at all.

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In spite of the spectroscopic verdict that there is only a little water vapor in the air of Mars, and in spite of the fact that no real rainstorm nor any kind of lake, sea or river, ever has been seen on the planet's surface, it still is possible that there is enough water to produce an ice haze. Indeed, this is one of the few things about Mars which are reasonably certain for

the planet because they must be so, even though they have not been seen. The only other thing that resembles a featureless mass of cloud or fog. The tall mountain will be hidden and not photographed at all.

Through the red-dust or yellow filter, on the other hand, the blue light reflected by the air is kept out while the red and yellow light from the distant landscape get through and are recorded on the plate. That is the way that reflecting light is taken from airplanes high in the air, so that the bluish light from dust in the lower air will not obscure details of the ground surface.

For several years the astronomers at Flagstaff have been making regular photographs of Mars, using through their large telescope with red or blue filters in front of the photographic plate. Through the blue filter what is photographed is really the air of Mars, with any dust that it contains. Through the red or yellow filters, the Martian air does not photograph, no matter how dusty it may be, but only the surface of the planet.

This means that the blue photographs are always a little larger than the red ones since the red pictures show the solid disk of the planet while the blue ones include the rim of the atmosphere which surrounds it. The point of Dr. Sipher's series of photographs this year was that the blue ones were so much larger than expected and the Martian atmosphere so much bluer, which means dustier, than usual in previous years.

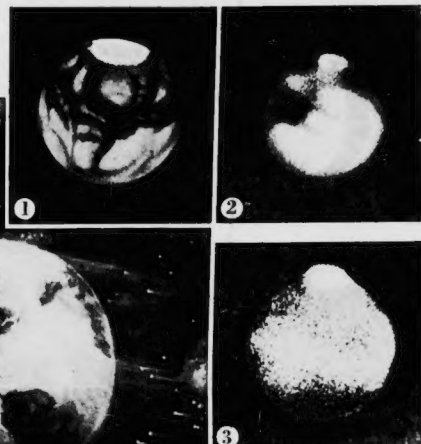
So extreme was this effect that the air of Mars in April and early May was between two and three times as opaque to blue rays as is that of the air on earth. An amateur photographer on Mars would need to use his red or yellow filters all the time, instead of merely on days when the air was especially cloudy or hazy.

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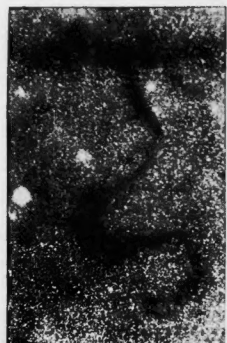
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1—A photograph of the planet Mars taken by ordinary light.
2—Photograph of Mars taken by infra-red light, which blacks out the surface of the planet, revealing only the white spot at the top. This is one of its frozen poles.
3—Mars as the camera reveals it by the ultra-violet light—only the atmosphere is registered and nothing of the surface.



The "Dark Nebula" in the constellation which the American Navy designates "The Snake" (Cassiopeia). It is a vast cloud of dust and gas, many points of similarity to the mysterious haze which for a time obscured Mars.



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As Dr. Sipher noted at Denver, there seem to be only two possible ways to interpret this. One is that for some unknown reason, Mars has held fast to even more atmosphere than the earth has retained.

The other is that there has been present in the air of Mars this year some kind of dust with enormous abil-

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Still in the Cradle Age

*about the modern care
of teeth and gums*



-thousands of grown-ups never take care of their gums at all

**Follow modern dental practice
Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—
Don't risk being a "Dental Cripple"—
Change to IPANA and MASSAGE.**

MERE CHILDREN—many who are not yet up to "long division"—know more about modern dental hygiene than their own parents. For, thanks to classroom drills in gum massage, they are better informed than thousands of grown-ups—intelligent adults

—who have yet to learn that the care of the *gums* is just as important as the proper care of the teeth.

Our modern foods are a threat to our gums—soft and creamy, they deprive gums of stimulation, allow them to become tender. Lacking this natural exercise, gums grow lazy, weak and flabby. And very often that tinge of "pink" appears—a warning you should not ignore.

Don't Take Chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

The very first time your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist. It may not mean serious dental trouble, but your dentist is

the one to decide. Often, his verdict will be, "Gums that suffer from neglect"—"gums that need hard work, more exercise"—and, as many dentists advise, "Gums that should respond quickly to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation in the gum tissues is improved. Gums tend to become firmer, stronger—teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Start with Ipana and massage today—help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile attractive!



MODERN FOODS delight the eye, tempt the palate but often rob gums of exercise. Gums grow flabby, tender—often "pink tooth brush" appears.



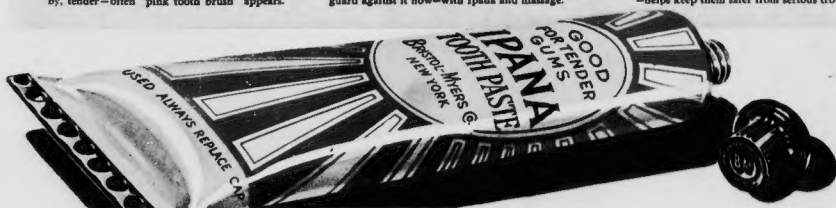
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is a call for help from your gums. When you see it—see your dentist. But help guard against it now—with Ipana and massage.



IPANA AND MASSAGE follows the teachings of modern dental science. It strengthens the gums—helps keep them safer from serious troubles.



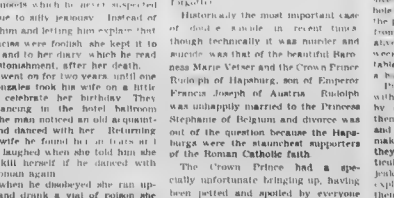
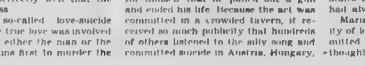
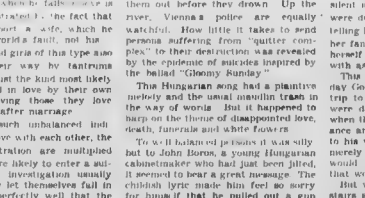
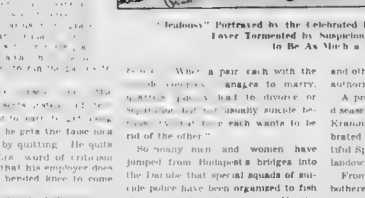
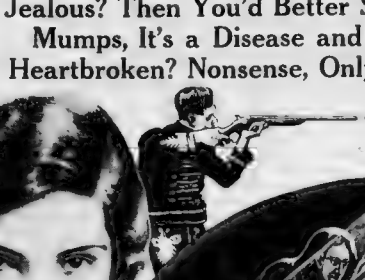
GLORIOUS SMILES—bright, sparkling teeth in sound, healthy gums win admiration. Start today to help keep your teeth lovely—your gums firmer, healthier—with Ipana and massage.



IPANA

Tooth Paste

**Jealous? Then You'd Better See Your Doctor, for Like
Mumps, It's a Disease and May Lead to Suicide---
Heartbroken? Nonsense, Only Weakness of Character,
Says Prof. Krammer,
the Distinguished
Austrian
Psychologist**



100

1. *Pharmaceutical industry*—United States—History. I. Title. II. Series.

[illegible]

Prof. Knaus was a very warm and friendly man. The conversation was very pleasant. He was a very intelligent man and was very interested in the work of the complex. Prof. Knaus was a very intelligent man and was very interested in the work of the complex. Prof. Knaus was a very intelligent man and was very interested in the work of the complex.

which she had spent her life. When police broke in, she found her dead husband at his computer terminal. He continued to work for six days, finally dying of the operating stress as the surgeons were extracting him from his bed.

There is a belief in the existence of karmic complexes that people who have committed crimes can be cured as a psychoanalyst who can make them realize their bad karma habits remain them. But half the battles of such patients understand that they have this weakness and why. Paraphrase his advice persons with the same assumption, they should be in possession, by forcing themselves to tell a further everything about their minds.

may cause unpleasant scenes and sh things to be said that possibly never be forgotten or forgiven. But is better than suicide or murder, professor says.

[illegible]

"Betrans" Portrayed by the Celebrated
Lovers Tormented by Suspicion
To Be As Virch a

... and other
... a pro-
... of de-
... Kras-
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English Cardinal, Archbishop, showing a State of Mind Now Claimed Disease As Venereal

It is a little more than a year since the first of these "little" books appeared. In the interim, the author has written a number of other books, including a novel, *The House of the Living Dead*, and a collection of short stories, *The House of the Living Dead*. The author has also written a number of articles for various magazines, and has been a frequent speaker at various literary events. The author's work has been well received by the public, and has earned him a number of awards and honors. The author's work is characterized by its clarity, its simplicity, and its profound insight into the human condition. The author's work is a testament to the power of the written word, and to the importance of the written word in our lives.

**NO SQUAT
NO STOOP
NO SQUINT**



No! The lady isn't taking setting-up exercises. No invisible instructor has told her to hold Position No. 2 until further orders. She's in that undignified pose because she hasn't heard about the new Philco Double-X with the *Inclined Control Panel!* Once the good news reaches her home, "NO SQUAT" will be her motto...and she'll tune with ease, with grace...and with dignity.



No need now to double up like a jack-knife when you want to locate a radio station on the dial! Not if you have a new Philco Double-X with the *Inclined Control Panel!* The incline enables you to see the call letters of your favorite stations on the Automatic Tuning Dial whether you are standing naturally or sitting comfortably. "NO STOOP" with the 1938 Philco!



Gone are the days when you had to strain your eyes to tune a radio! When Philco introduced the X Models with the Inclined Sounding Board some years ago, Philco gave the listener the first radio that brought every note up to "ear level." Now with the *Inclined Control Panel* of the 1938 Double-X, Philco does for the listener's eyes what the original X models did for his ears. "No Squat, No Stoop, No Squint!"

with the 1938 Automatic Tuning
PHILCO *A Musical Instrument of Quality*

CONVENIENCE plus speed! Our Philco gives you that "No Squat" "No Sleep" tuning through the Philco Automatic Tuning System. And the Philco Foreign Tuning System, with times farther apart, doubles the foreign stations you can hear and enjoy! All that radio owners are combined in one great Musical Instrument of Quality—the 1938 Philco Double X.

Philco Automatic Tuning System demonstrates its speed and precision in the Philco Automatic Tuning System. A single dial shows you the call letters of your favorite stations—all of them. And, for your fingers, there's no station! No waiting, no noise...no fuss takes! The fastest, surest, quietest tuning in all radios.

Philco High Fidelity

only \$7.95 DOWN

Philco makes a complete line of Double-X models with "No Squat" "No Sleep" "Automatic Tuning".

The radio you now have may be traded in as part payment as you can buy a Double X Philco for as little as \$2.95 down and \$1.00 a week without any red tape. Your Philco dealer will tell you about this Special Philco Commercial Credit Company Plan.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

the 1938 Automatic Tuning

PHILCO

*A Musical Instrument
of Quality*

CONVENIENCE *plus*
speed! Only Plym has
vent that *opens, closes, spins.*
No Sloop. No Space, turning
through the 1-1/2 inch Central
Panel. Instead, a *wide* sliding
section of *all* air flow is *steered*
through Plym's Automatic
Turning!

Phil o Automate Turned his
demonstrate this special tape
demonstrating for South American
American and the American
shows that the
letters of your letter
to other. All of
them. All of them
ingest, there's a
station! No waiting
no noise... to this
takes! The fastest,
surest, quietest tun
ing in all radio.

Philippe Hugué-Fribourg

Double the tonal range of
or lower radios... pulse
to direct the brightest light
into your home! And the Philco
Foreign Tuning System, with
short wave stations spread six
times further apart, doubles the
frequency of stations to hear and
enjoy! All that radio magic is
combined in one easy Musical
Instrument — a Quality Philco
1948 Philco 1160 Double X.

only \$ **7.95** DOWN

Phileo makes a complete line of Double-X models
with No Squat No Stoop No Squint Automatic
Tuning
The radio

The radio you now have may be traded in as part payment on your new buy a Double X Philco for as little as \$7.95 down and \$1.00 a week without any red tape. Your Philco dealer will tell you about this Special Philco Commercial Credit Company Plan.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

PHILCO, Beury Building,
3701 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Gentlemen: Please send me the full details of your special Easy Payment Offer on the marvelous
new Philco Double X Radios. Also please send FREE the full descriptive illustrated literature.
I understand that this request for full information does not place any burden or the slightest obligation

MY NAME IS _____

MY ADDRESS IS _____

PHILCO 116 Double-X. Never before in all the world has such a radio existed! The Inclined Control Panel enables you to tune with ease and grace whether sitting or standing. Philco Automatic Tuning gives instant, accurate, instantaneous reception of all your favorite stations. High-Fidelity doubles tonal range . . . Acoustic

Clartifiers eliminate "boom" . . . while the Philco Inclined Sounding Board brings every note up to ear level. The Philco Foreign Tuning System doubles foreign reception. Fifteen tubes and five tuning ranges bring you everything that's interesting in the air!

Be sure to ask your dealer to show you the new Double-X Philips.

Combination Photograph and Drawing of Nanga Parbat Shows the Strange Formations of Rock, Ice and Snow Which Resemble a Frightful Semi-Human Face and the Angry Aspect of the Mountain God Which is the Implication of the Natives Is Formed by the Climate and Who They Think Caused the Death of 15 Members of the Expedition

Strange Legends That

(Combination Photograph and Drawing of Nanga Parbat Showing the Strange Formation of Rock Ice and Snow Which Resembles a Long-Suited Sam-bum in Coat and the Arge-Arge on the Mountain-top Which is the Intimation of the Natives Is Formed by the Clouds, and Who They Think Caused the Death of 15 Members of the Expedition)

A. M. Davis, *Discovering the Ants of America*. (H. C. Houder, Ed.) 432 pp. 1974. \$12.95. University of California Press, Berkeley, California 94720.

[illegible][illegible]

Despite this ominous record three new expeditions two British and one Italian are now preparing to attempt again the conquest of the Himalayas.

It is a fact that it is not the altitude that defeats these mountaineers men have gone higher. But the "Powers of the Himalayas," as the Himalayas are named here, have other ways. Sometimes it is the gale that unexpectedly snatches down the angry mountaineers sweeping the climbers off the peaks, but of infinitely more often it is the rain that eternally sometimes in a rain race

[illegible]

The Sage Navigators in His Home. One of the Many Travelers Who Come to the Home of the Sage Navigators.

Nagarjuna, before becoming the great Teacher of Northern Buddhism, was another of the humans who have pierced the secrets of magic from Himalayan spirits. At twenty, Nagarjuna, already one of the great scholars, became tired of his exemplary life. He sought out one of the necromancers of the Bon Po religion, who taught him his greatest secret, the power of invisibility, gained only by terrific control over his body. Under this protection Nagarjuna and his comrades are said to have seduced some of the king's women.

[illegible][illegible]

Side of Naga Pehal Showing Faces
Resembling Faces, and in the Fore-
Front Tip by Natives in Propitiate the
and Demons of the Peak

[illegible]

ARMOUR ANNOUNCES A NEW WAY TO BUY HAM

You Only Pay for What You Eat... No Bone - No Rind - No Waste
with Armour's Sensational New *Ready-to-Cook* Package!



AT LAST! Here's welcome news for the family budget!

NOW the most thrift-minded family can enjoy truly fine ham...and forget about the price! Now Armour's Star Ham comes Ready-Sliced. It's the highest quality ham that money can buy...yet it actually gives you amazing savings over ordinary ham costs.

We've taken the full-flavored heart of Armour's Star Ham...sliced it into thin slices...packed two slices to a wrapper, all ready to broil, fry, or bake in casserole. Armour's Star Sliced Ham is rich, tangy, appetizing in scores of meals. And here's the important news... *there is not a single ounce of bone or excess fat or rind on any slice!* When you buy Armour's Star Sliced Ham, you only pay for what you eat. You get **all** ham with no costly waste to

throw away. Of course it saves you money!

*Armour's Star Sliced Ham is cured
the old-fashioned way*

Remember this...we haven't sacrificed quality to cut down cost. Armour's Star Sliced Ham has the same grand flavor as "The Ham What Am." It's cured in the painstaking Armour way. Hams that are hurriedly treated to rush them to your table lose their true flavor...come out flat and disappointing. That's why we carefully age, patiently smoke and cure all Armour's Star Ham, whole or sliced, by the old-fashioned slow-cure method. You can tell the difference every time!

Next time you go to market, ask for Armour's Star Sliced Ham. Look for the Slice-Package. It's the new, thrifty way to buy!

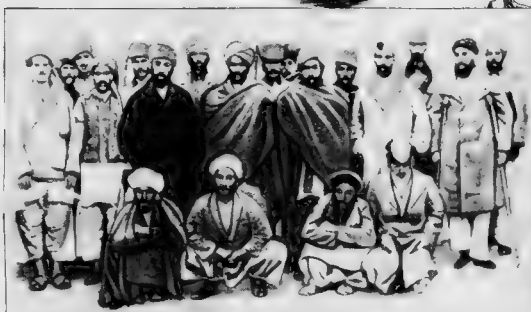
Only Armour's Star Ham comes in the new SLICE - PACKAGE



ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

ARMOUR'S STAR JUBILEE HAM (MELLOW COOKED)—ARMOUR'S STAR SMOKED HAM—ARMOUR'S STAR CANNED HAM

the Hills Established



"A sword flashed downwards and the rillum followed the signal.
 "There was a crashing tolly followed by three belated shots which came incongruously to the ear
 "One by one that line of men sank downwards and backwards, to fall, untidily, and with limbs nery, into the trench
 "The last so to disappear was Bucha. His resistance to death must have been amazing. The last of a king and—in one's ears, that cruel laugh still ringing

[illegible]

He turned a grey face to me, yet a cold, pale stare, and his words were cold, as if he were saying to me, not even to his old friend, a man who had

"Think you" I noted, that the General will tell her some more and she will be

With the dawn of October 10th came the ominous rumble of the enemy guns and the first shell crashed into the Palace. With those preliminary

their positions of danger. The males I had remained as a sop to my vanity. Yet, none except a very few were aware of what I had done.

The next day the bombardment began afresh and it was now that the walls began to show signs of the terrific battery to which they had been subjected. A breach was slowly pounded in one part and I knew then that an assault in force would

As the day wore on, the situation became worse

(Continued on Page 26)

that I would heap dishonor upon you. But—I am a true woman, and I would not that my husband sully his name in this way."

"Oh! This is intolerable!" Her tirade made my ears ring.

that I endeavored to flog into life his fading hopes. He was convinced that the hour had come and that

As the day wore on, the situation became worse.

Dabbing Her Eyes Didn't Prevent Her, Though, From Watching Mr. Cusker in the Big Mirror Behind the Counter.

[illegible][illegible]

I was a Mass. M. student. He was sitting
 on the bench. He dropped his Mass.
 I was a Mass. M. student. He was sitting
 on the bench. He dropped his Mass.
 I was a Mass. M. student. He was sitting
 on the bench. He dropped his Mass.

[illegible]

"The little girl doesn't want to take a little ride, does she?" She looked up at him.

"Well, my goodness!" She pulled her hand away. "What do you think I—"

"Perhaps if we took a little ride," remarked Mr. Carker, "the was adjusting his seven dollar shirt-silk (ie. in the mirror), "the little girl might tell me what's matter."

For a moment more she tried to resist that smile, and then she sighed. "What good would that do?" You could not help me any even if I did tell you."

his hand on the sheet. Oh, well. This is where I'm going to die. I'll just have to hold on a little longer.

Lily had swung back to Newton Centre again as
back of a wide hooded awn, appeared a graceful Dutch
Gothic gray stone church, half hidden with Japanese
ivy. "Oh dear, it's tomorrow—and it's going to be a big
day for me! I shall have a lot of things to do."
She looked at her watch. It was five minutes after six.
The clock struck seven. The door opened. A woman
came in. She was dressed in a black gown, and she
said, "What time is it? Why the people are late."

[illegible][illegible]

for her at the end of the path and said to her:

For a more detailed discussion of the role of the state in the development of the private sector, see the book by M. M. Kuczynski, *State and Economic Development* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1992).

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

What will it do if it does not? Mr. M. says it will die. When it is in a wheeze

Why are you late for the party to talk to me? You
What time is the wedding?
Flower girls and Maid of Honor. How do you know?
Mr. Chalk got married to the big woman who is
the window. Their pretty marriage was in a
groom's wedding from a party for the morning M.

(Continued on Page 24)



Said Mr. Clark, "One peep out of you an' I'll fix you so you won't squeal again."

[illegible][illegible]

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the topic. It starts with a general overview of the field, followed by a more detailed discussion of the specific issues at hand. The author then presents his own findings, which are based on a series of experiments. These findings are then compared to the results of other studies in the field.

[illegible]

has not a thought for me and my family, when he should be looking after his own family. And for years of time. And then he has not the courtesy to tell me that he is not coming. I have no more to say to him."

"Yes, but there's something about you —
"Sympathetic," Mr. Smith responded.
"Yes, you really are, you know. And yet —
—why, I don't even know your name."
"Smith," said Mr. Cariket.
The girl was scrubbing away at her face with a powder

"I suppose you'll think I'm simply awful, going off with you without being introduced, like this, Mr. Smith, but really, I never —"

"Never did a thing like this before in all my life," said Mr. Carleton, yawning again.

"No I never did really, Mr. Smith? But today when I —" She stopped and took her damp handkerchief from her bag again. She slumped down in her seat. "Oh, I'm so unhappy today." Then she impulsively clutched

bet, "One peep out of you an' I'll fix you so you
won't squeal again."

When she leaned on her rake ostensibly admiring his and said no, she hadn't seen his lost fox terrier, Mr. Carl didn't seem to be particularly disappointed. He even smiled and flattered her, but thought it was certainly one day. She thought it was a grand day. He thought it would be a swell warm evening, too. Noon and even-

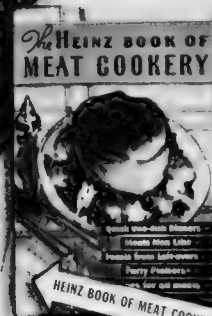
thing. She thought so too. And then after some flirtatious persiflage, in which it came out that her name was Rose, she how about a little ride?

SO GOOD ON SO MANY THINGS



FREE OFFER!

You'll Want This 100-Page Heinz Book of Meat Cookery—Gives New Ways To Serve Old Favorites and Attractive Economy Menus



WITH 2 BOTTLES OF HEINZ KETCHUP

Do this:

1. Buy 2 bottles of Heinz Tomato Ketchup.
2. Send the label from one bottle to the nearest
Heinz Distributor or to the
Heinz Company, P.O. Box 100, New York, N.Y.
3. Enclose a recent photograph of your family.
4. Enclose a letter from you or your child.
5. Enclose a letter from your favorite teacher.
6. Enclose a letter from your favorite friend.
7. Enclose a letter from your favorite pet.
8. Enclose a letter from your favorite place.
9. Enclose a letter from your favorite thing.
10. Enclose a letter from your favorite person.



WHY HEINZ IS THE LARGEST-SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD



TRY THESE OTHER HEINZ
ARISTOCRAT TOMATO PRODUCTS



Going into the world to hundreds of dishes—coloring the flavor of steaks, chops and fowl, stewing with its rich, ruddy goodness, the spicy spiciness of Heinz Tomato Ketchup makes it the favorite of flavors the world over!

Only the finest ingredients go into Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Under glass, in Heinz greenhouses, we mature eugenically-bred tomato seedlings—then transfer them to the fields. At summer's end, when choice "Aristocrat" tomatoes reach their height of sun-ripened plumpness, they are rushed from the fields to spotless Heinz kitchens. There we add aromatic spices, specially selected

by Heinz experts in the Far East, Heinz aged in-the-wood vintage vinegar and other rare good things. We cook each batch long and patiently until every ingredient yields its full measure of luscious flavor. Then we bottle this "red magic" right from the kettle—hot and fragrant!

Once you know the secret of seasoning with Heinz Ketchup, you'll want to keep at least two bottles on hand, one for the table and the other for use in cooking. You'll find, too, that thick, smooth red Heinz Ketchup goes further than any you've ever used. Order a supply now and add new relish to your meals.

Heinz TOMATO KETCHUP

IT'S CHEAPER TO PAY MORE FOR SOMETHING BETTER

TESTED QUALITY

TRADE MARK

ON BAGS—When you buy dough boxes or bags, look for this Seal on the bag.

ON BOXES—When you buy dough, it's already packaged, look for this Seal on the box.

ON TRAYS—Look for this Seal displayed on trays and other retail doughnut displays.

OH BAGS—When you buy strong fibers on bags, look for this seal on the bag.

ON BOXES—When you buy dough
nuts already packaged, look for this
Seal on the box.

ON TRAYS—Look for this Seal displayed on trays and other retail doughnut displays.

A black and white photograph showing a group of people on a boat. In the center, a woman with a large feathered headdress is seated and playing a large drum. To her left, another person is seated, and to her right, a man is seated. In the background, another person is visible near a vertical structure. The boat's hull and some equipment are visible in the foreground.

ACTIVE AMERICA is a doughnut good any time of day! . . . and especially good with cider or milk. It's been said that 27 doughnuts are equal an energy value to 130 ripe tomatoes or 40 bunches of lettuce. And think how much tastier doughnuts are! Keep them as big crocks within easy reach. Get them plain, chocolate covered, or stuffed in crunch! Look for the Owl when you buy.

TEMPTING TOOTHSONES are plump, brown dough-nuts... one of the quickest party treats any mother could serve. Very festive filled with ice cream, very delectable covered with chocolate sauce. Thoroughly digestible, and as wholesome as good bread and butter. Of course they're the only kind to serve your children.

PLEASE PASS—the doughnuts!... Successful accomplishment of **more trips**. They mix well with practically all drinks—blended nicely with fruits...appease hunger, maintain energy. Buy them in packages of 6 or more—in boxes of a dozen. They show in all sorts of assortments that bakers, restaurants and dealers specialize in. Buy for the best—buy only the doughnuts that bear the Seal of Tested Quality.

TODAY is a good day for you to look into the doughnut situation and get acquainted with the "Seal of Tested Quality."

Only the best doughnuts are packaged and sold under this Seal. Only reputable bakers—making doughnuts of superior quality—are permitted to use this Seal. Only dealers, grocers and restaurants pledged to sell doughnuts uniformly appetizing and wholesome, can display this Seal!

For this Seal is important!

It is your guide to one of America's grandest foods—expertly prepared of the best ingredients.

You have only to look at these doughnuts to see how light, crisp, and delectably brown they are. The kind that's easy for your system to digest. See their uniform shape and size . . . how alike they are in color . . . how perfectly they resemble each other—each one a twin to the next!

If you've had doughnuts and coffee at any of the Mayflower sampling exhibits in leading cities—you know how good they tasted. Chances

are you went home with a dozen or so under your arm. Those doughnuts bore the "Seal of Tested Quality." And there a baker, grocer or dealer near you who sells doughnuts bearing the same Seal. You'll find the Seal displayed in his window, on his trucks, and always on his doughnut packages. You'll see it wherever good doughnuts are sold—in bakeries—grocery stores—restaurants and luncheonettes. Look for it. Rely on it. It's your one and only doughnut, its best.

BAKERS AND DEALERS! The Seal of Post No. 1371 is the perfect sweet-guide to good doughnuts. Get particulars of the product from that enables you to sell doughnuts bearing this Seal! The Doughnut Association of America, 1870 Broadway, New York City. (In Canada) Canadian Doughnut Co., Ltd., Terminal Warehouse Building, Toronto.

Send This Coupon for FREE Recipe Folder

Get acquainted with new and novel ways of serving doughnuts. This coupon brings you clever doughnut recipe folder absolutely free.

Doughnut Corporation of America, Dept. 19, 1170 Broadway, New York City
I'll take a doughnut recipe folder, please.

—

Subject 52

2

SAROUK

Adaptation of an authentic Sarouk design famous in south Persia. Rug—fauxe woven to match.

Look for this brilliant label at the edge of every genuine Marval rug. It is your guide to a new standard of value in a soft-fabric rug. Ask to see Marval Rugs tomorrow in leading department and furniture stores.

This is a
MARVAL
RUG



HOOKE DESIGN

The hook design is a classic of Persian rug-making. It is a design of great beauty and value. The rug is woven to match the design.

PERSIAN

MODERN

A stunning new design in a modern style. The rug is woven to match the design.

6
PLAIN COLORS
ONLY
\$12⁹⁵
9x12

A Sensational new
SOFT-FABRIC RUG
for every room in the house

\$14⁹⁵
9x12 FT

Mothproof! Durable!
Smartly Styled! Glorious Colors!

Sit up a little straighter, lady... because here's news that affects your home and your pocket-book! For only \$14.95, you can now buy a 9x12 ft. soft-fabric rug of startling beauty for year 'round use! MARVAL shows what smart American inventors can achieve to add charm to your home without taking a big chunk out of your household allowance! MARVAL RUGS are the product of the oldest and largest floorcovering manufacturer in America. They are sturdy—durable...they've been *Duritized* (a secret process) for extra wear. And the patterns and rich, glowing colors!...20 different design and color combinations suitable and charming for *all* rooms! Scatter size rugs to match are only \$1.49. Be sure to see Marval Rugs before you're 24 hours older!

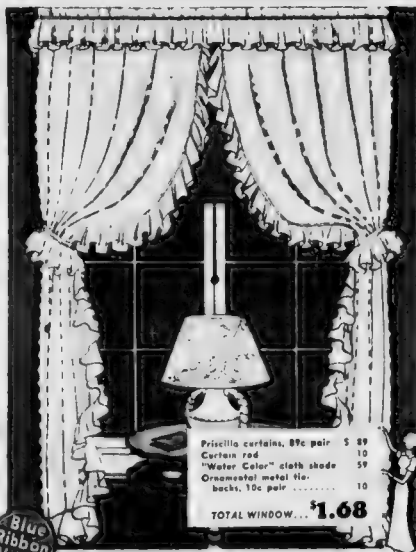
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PRODUCT OF BIGELOW-SANFORD CARPET CO., INC.

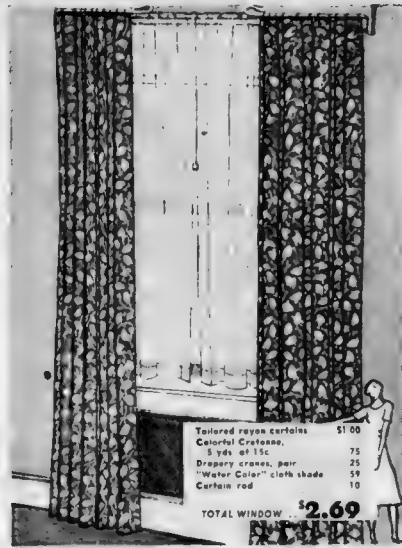
Lovely windows — low priced



50 Damask Jacquard,
5 yds. at 50c \$2.95
Cord tie-backs, 2 at 10c ea. . 20
26" Rayon Marquisette,
5 yds. at 15c75
Drapery cranes, pair 50
Curtain rods, each 10
"Water Color" cloth shade . 59
TOTAL WINDOW.....\$5.09



Priscilla curtains, 8 1/2c pair \$.89
Curtain rod . 10
"Water Color" cloth shade . 59
Ornamental metal tie-backs, 10c pair 10
TOTAL WINDOW.....\$1.68



Tailored rayon curtains \$1.00
Colorful Cretonne,
5 yds. at 15c75
Drapery cranes, pair . 25
"Water Color" cloth shade . 59
Curtain rod . 10
TOTAL WINDOW.....\$2.69

YOU'll agree with this famous Hollywood decorator when you see Grants fall stock of curtains and draperies tomorrow. Our buyers, by carefully planning, have made it possible for you to have—at low prices—the best looking windows you've ever seen.

But their planning hasn't stopped there. They've collected, too, the best buys in shades, tiebacks, curtain rods and cranes. And if you like to design and make your own curtains and drapes, Grants have a fine selection of curtain materials for you.

This is just an example of how Grants plan to meet all the needs of all the folks in all the towns where there are Grants Stores. Through centralized buying, Grants shop for you—and bring you the largest assortment and best values you can find.

W. T. Grant started his business 31 years ago on this principle: "Not how much can I get for myself—but how much can I give to my customers for their money." That is why Grants Stores sell everything on a money-back, no-questions-asked guarantee of complete satisfaction.

Why not take advantage of Grants fine values to keep the fun of living up, while you keep the cost of living down? Give your home a bright new outlook at every window. You can do it at Grants—beautifully... completely... inexpensively!

Priscilla, Cottage and Tailored Curtains, 50c to \$1 • Chats, Cretonne
Homespun Drapery Fabrics, 15c and up per yard • Net and Marquisette
Curtain Fabrics, 10c, 15c and 20c per yard • And everything you need
to beautify your windows, whether it be a mansion or a bungalow

GRANTS STORES

W. T. GRANT CO.—KNOWN FOR VALUES

HEADQUARTERS FOR APPAREL AND FURNISHINGS FOR YOURSELF—FAMILY—HOME

CONNECTICUT

Danielson 98 Main St.
New London 133 State St.
Putnam 76 Main St.
S. Manchester 815 Main St.
Willimantic 759 Main St.

MAINE

Bath 31 Center St.
Bangor 63 Main St.
Brunswick 72 Wayne St.
Calais 159 Main St.
Fort Kent 99 Main St.
Candler 286 Water St.
Lewiston 95 Lisbon St.
Old Town 86 N. Main St.
Portland 544 Congress St.
Sanford 189 Maine St.
Shoshoguen 66 Water St.
Van Buren 84 Main St.

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams 23 Park St.
Allston 119 Harvard Ave.
Arlington 319 Broadway
Athol 417 Main St.
Beverly 226 Cabot St.
Boston 395 Washington St.
Brookline 141 Main St.
Cambridge 621 Massachusetts Ave.
Chelsea 300 Broadway
Chicopee 14 Market Square
Clinton 120 High St.
Danvers 13 Elm St.
Dorchester 1468 Dorchester Ave.
Fall River 768 Dudley St.
Fitchburg 583 Washington St.
East Boston 31 Kelly Square
Easthampton 41 Union St.
Everett 619 Broadway

Fall River 119 S. Main St.
Fitchburg 493 Main St.
Frammingham 22 Irving Square
Franklin 134 Main St.
Gardner 18 Parker St.
Gloucester 181 Main St.
Great Barrington 290 Main St.
Haverhill 52 Merrimack St.
Hudson 53 Main St.
Hyannis 310 Main St.
Hyde Park 1214 River St.
Jamaica Plain 666 Center St.
Lawrence 475 Essex St.
Leominster 18 Main St.
Lyons 70 Market St.
Malden 318 Union St.
Marlboro 188 Main St.

Mattapan 1626 Blue Hill Ave.
Medford 171 Essex St.
Melrose 520 Main St.
Middletown 59 Center St.
Milford 164 Main St.
Natick 14 Main St.
Needham 874 Great Plain Ave.
New Bedford 1045 Acushnet Ave.
Norfolk Downs 858 Purchase St.
North Adams 37 Bittings Road
North Attleboro 81 Main St.
North Attleboro 11 N. Washington St.
Norwood 688 Washington St.
Palmer 416 Main St.
Pembroke 13 Pembroke Square
Pittsfield 111 North St.
Plymouth 1 Laura St.
Reading 622 Main St.
Rockland 263 Union St.
Roslindale 26 Corliss St.

Roxbury 333 Blue Hill Ave.
Salem 171 Essex St.
Somerville 240 Elm St.
South Boston 429 W. Broadway
Sunderland 381 Main St.
Taunton 21 Main St.
Warefield 173 Main St.
Waltham 305 Moody St.
Ware 85 Main St.
Watertown 55 Main St.
Webster 215 Main St.
Weymouth 14 Commercial St.
Winchendon 62 Central St.
Winthrop 10 Somerset Ave.
Woburn 405 Main St.
Worcester 107 Main St.

Dover 28 E. Broadway
Dorchester 452 Central Ave.
Franklin 334 Central St.
Haverhill 1023 Elm St.
Hingham 94 Main St.
Portsmouth 69 Congress St.
Rochester 31 N. Main St.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport 139 Thames St.
Pawtucket 270 Main St.
Providence 317 Westminster St.
West Warwick 59 Washington St.
Woonsocket 26-30 North Main St.

VERMONT

Barnington 406 Main St.
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Newport 54 Main St.
St. Johnsbury 84 Railroad St.
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NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin 151 Main St.
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OWN A ROYAL PORTABLE ON YOUR OWN TERMS!



FREE HOME TRIAL for every member of the family! Without making a single penny—prove that the students in your family can write faster, get higher marks! Prove that Dad can get his ideas and reports down on paper in a modern, intelligent manner. Prove that Mother can take care of her social correspondence faster.

ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY!

See what a latest model Royal Portable can do for your family. Then order it on your own terms—cash or only a few cents a day. Mail your order today.



FREE!

FREE!

ACT NOW!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

(Continued from Double Page)

and the magazine caught fire. Many shells went off with a terrific detonation, and the fire spread.

It was the end. Of that there could be no shadow of doubt. The reign of Habbaluh was over. Nauid that of Baha, the Bregant, began again.

Hastily I denuded the Treasury of that which was easily portable, but transport proved a difficulty. We had to make for the hills. Malik and I, and an automobile would not serve our purpose.

At length I decided that two camels could meet the occasion. There were thousands of camels around the city brought in by the thousands and two more would not be noticed. Moreover, they were used to look for Baha upon these hills, and they were sure to find him.

Just before midnight Malik and I slipped through the breach and Habbaluh the king had vanished to be instead once more free for action and out again on the ground, was Baha, the water-carrier's son.

But these camels! Indeed were

they daughters of Baha. Neither was muzzled, and they bore a deep antipathy one to the other.

Five miles from Kabul we halted, for both Malik and I were exhausted before we began our march, and we had spent over four hours in covering the distance. Baha was our fatigue that we forgot the camels, and they were at each other like fiends from hell.

Have you ever seen camels fight? Not a pretty sight. Both animals shirked and swerved in their rage and then, agony, for here, too, was fight to the death and the noise of the combat drew attention. We had necessarily to leave them to their devices, as I took the shelter of the boulders and the sanctuary of the darkness.

We reached the plateau at night, and it was dark. I thought that we were lost. I was wrong. A light shone from the hills.

Shout and out the camels. They were a short distance from the hills, and they were looking for Baha. A light shone from the hills, and they were looking for Baha. A light shone from the hills, and they were looking for Baha.

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Baha is here! Come, let us take him, for the reward will be many squares of land!

Malik and I crawled on our bellies like snakes, and we were free.

When dawn came, both of us, more dead than alive, could see a village in the distance, and clumps of mulberry trees in the valley below. Beyond an ocean of water, the village dogs, and the cries of the women who carried their water pichers to their homes from the adjoining village, the place was lifeless. Here we were in a tract which had always been hostile to me, and the men were both Naie Khan.

Yet neither of us could make a move. Hungry and thirsty we dared not make a descent upon the village, even though it were peopled by Naie Khan.

A voice came from the darkness, and it was a woman's voice. It was the voice of a woman who had been waiting for me.

It was the voice of a woman who had been waiting for me. It was the voice of a woman who had been waiting for me. It was the voice of a woman who had been waiting for me.

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of the only cages we reached the hills of Kohistan, and at our feet lay another village. We stumbled down a rocky goat track, and went forward with renewed hope, for here I was among my people, and would receive mercy.

As we walked along there emerged from behind a mass of rocks a tall Highlander. He had a rifle in his hands, and he bade us halt.

"Stop! If you lead or your work will be useless!"

We stood.

Who are you? he demanded roughly.

"We are Naie Khan," we answered. "We are Naie Khan, and we are Naie Khan."

"We are Naie Khan," we answered. "We are Naie Khan, and we are Naie Khan."

"We are Naie Khan," we answered. "We are Naie Khan, and we are Naie Khan."

my own town. Malik and I lived upon the hillside, and upon the food which was placed there for our mercy.

Sometimes the boy who brought the food, would take and addressing the other men, builders would give us, thus were we able to avoid the danger who continually visited the mountain for us.

I would keep to the road, and would avoid the danger who continually visited the mountain for us.

I would keep to the road, and would avoid the danger who continually visited the mountain for us.

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I would keep to the road, and would avoid the danger who continually visited the mountain for us.

I would keep to the road, and would avoid the danger who continually visited the mountain for us.

WIN \$1,000,000

**IN OLD GOLD'S QUARTER-MILLION-DOLLAR CARTOON CONTEST
A THOUSAND CASH PRIZES... TOTALING \$250,000.00**

ENTER NOW!

Old Gold's Quarter-Million-Dollar Cartoon Contest is the only contest of its kind in the world. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Old Gold's Quarter-Million-Dollar Cartoon Contest is the only contest of its kind in the world. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people.

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Cartoons 1-3

FIRST WEEK'S SERIES

announcement. DO NOT SEND IN THE CARTOONS. Send only the Entry Form.

CARTOON NO. 1

(LIKE TO BUY MY CIGARETTES FROM AN OLD FASHIONED MAN?)

P. LORELL
Company
Established 1900

WHAT WILL THE OTHER MAN SAY?

Could the Missing Conversation for the Entry Form. Use Official Entry Form (B) from the contest. Write on the missing conversation. Do not send in the cartoon. Send only the Entry Form.

The man at the left is saying:
"Like to buy my cigarettes from an old fashioned man?"

Here are some suggested replies:

- "Yes, old Gold's come from a fine old family."
- "There's character in that term. There's character in old Gold's."
- "They know their business. Been at it 75 years."

CARTOON NO. 2

A CARTON OF OLD GOLD'S. THEY GO PARTLY EAST AT OUR HOUSE.

WHAT WILL THE STOREKEEPER SAY?

Could the Missing Conversation for the Entry Form. Use Official Entry Form (B) from the contest. Write on the missing conversation. Do not send in the cartoon. Send only the Entry Form.

The woman is saying:
"A carton of Old Gold's. They go partly east at our house."

Here are some suggested replies:

- "They go fast everywhere. It's that Double-M-D brand."
- "They're made of highest quality. And they're not new-fresh."
- "They're fast at my house, too. Fast Gold's like I'm."

CARTOON NO. 3

FRESH

WHAT WILL THE BOY FRIEND SAY?

Could the Missing Conversation for the Entry Form. Use Official Entry Form (B) from the contest. Write on the missing conversation. Do not send in the cartoon. Send only the Entry Form.

The young lady is exclaiming:
"Fresh!"

Here are some suggested replies:

- "And so are my Old Gold's! The extra Gold-plumage on her feathers states that."
- "Male-maker never un-fair lady. Try Old Gold's. They're fresh."
- "Only Old Gold's deers. The fair Old Gold's are always FRESH."

WRITE YOUR ANSWERS IN THE ENTRY FORM IN THE LOWER LEFT CORNER OF THIS PAGE

Do not send in the cartoons themselves. Write your answers in the spaces provided in the Entry Form. Send only the Entry Form.

A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS CASH

1st Prize... \$100,000.00 2nd Prize... \$50,000.00 (1000 cash awards totaling \$250,000.00)

THE RULES

1. The OLD GOLD CARTOON CONTEST is open to all who are citizens of the United States and who are at least 18 years of age at the time of the contest. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is a contest of the people, by the people, and for the people.
2. A group of 15 cartoons will be selected. Each cartoon will be judged on its merits. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best.
3. The OLD GOLD will use a First Prize of \$100,000.00 and a Second Prize of \$50,000.00. There will be 1000 cash awards totaling \$250,000.00. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best.
4. The contest will be held in weekly Series of three, and contestants are asked to supply the required statements and those statements are considered original and best of the group of the series and will not be considered as a duplicate. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best.
5. The contest will be held in weekly Series of three, and contestants are asked to supply the required statements and those statements are considered original and best of the group of the series and will not be considered as a duplicate. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best. The winning cartoon will be the one that is judged to be the best.
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OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

OLD GOLD CARTOON CONTEST
P. O. Box 4, Santa N. Station New York N. Y.

The following are my suggestions for the Missing Conversation in Cartoons No. 1, 2 and 3.

No. 1 _____
No. 2 _____
No. 3 _____

I enclose herewith 3 (11) GOLD Plaque no-back wrappers for 3 hand-drawn by me, in accordance with the rules.

My Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Submit the answers on this card on the first Entry Form by midnight of next Saturday, or earlier if you choose.

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Modernizing Our Farms

The United States Department of Agriculture has a plan for modernizing our farms. It is a plan for the people, by the people, and for the people. It is a plan for the people, by the people, and for the people. It is a plan for the people, by the people, and for the people.

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Thirteen On Par *by* Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued From Page 21)

seemed to reel off she was saying too much and broke off with a little gasp. "What I started to say is that he's not fool. If he did plan to kill Michael I can't imagine his doing it so soon after a quarrel. Unless," she stopped, and then again, and went on more slowly, "unless he was smart enough to figure that all out meant that the police would say what I've just said—that he wouldn't kill him right after a quarrel."

For a little while no one said anything. After a moment Loanda Quinn rose and stretched her arms with a pained sort of grace. She asked: "Is there anything more I can tell you?"

Uncle Caleb said yes and no. There were a hundred questions here like answered about the Captain's past, but there was no use bothering her with them now.

"I'm far dizzy," he said. "Bogged down with the leads you've already given us. Tell you what I wish you'd do, go to your cabin and make a list of everyone you can bring to mind who had reason, good reason, for wanting to kill your husband?"

Loanda started for the door. She looked tired and relieved, and a little triumphant. As though she felt she had come out of the ordeal rather better than she had expected.

Jimmy asked: "That language you used when you were quarreling with your husband, Mrs. Quinn. Was it Portuguese?"

She stopped and nodded.

"Yes, Portuguese. They use it a lot in the Far East."

Jimmy said: "Yes, I know."

Then suddenly: "Mind telling me why you didn't love your hair black?"

She swung around, startled, her teeth catching her lip.

"How did you guess?"

"By your eyelashes," Jimmy told her. "And the nodding of your cheek bones. Also, you say you met Captain Quinn in Hong-kong."

Loanda said abruptly: "My father was a trader in Java." She added lightly: "But I'm disappointed about my hair. I had it plaited once. I thought, I didn't think anyone could tell."

"No one could tell from your hair," Jimmy said. "But I've

lived in the Orient. There are things about the Chinese nothing can change, not even when the blood is diluted by four."

"Just what would you be judging by that remark about the Chinese?" Uncle Caleb asked when Loanda had gone. "Were you referring to the shape of her eyes?"

"No," Jimmy told him, "in the shape of her mind. Or, rather, her emotions. There's a certain cold detachment about that woman which is distinctly Oriental. When a Chinaman has reason to like you or be grateful to you, there's nothing he won't give you up to, and including, his wife. If he has reason to dislike you he will not move while you boil in oil. Would you say Loanda Quinn had reason to love her husband?"

Uncle Caleb protested: "Surely you're not thinking—"

"I don't think so. Not at this stage of the game. I'm just pointing out that she hasn't any ails. And a lot of what she told you was plain fact."

"I thought she was fine and bright."

"Helpful!" Jimmy growled. "She fairly choked you with

helpfulness. When you ask for a suspect she gives you a hundred. You choose in a minute, she offers you dozens. And when you get through, what have you?"

Uncle Caleb argued: "But that's not like a guilty woman. If I was she killed her husband, she'd try to throw suspicion on some other person."

"Not if she were clever. And she is take my word for it. Look at the way she took up my suggestion about its being a crime possession. In less than a minute she was explaining, oh, so casually, that she hadn't cared about Quinn for years. She wasn't jealous. Not she! Their relations were purely platonic. Regarding the offhand way she proved a woman couldn't have murdered him, especially not a short woman. You'll notice she said five-foot-seven herself."

"I'm not saying she's guilty. I'm not saying to think she is, but if she were guilty, the last thing in the world she'd do would be to accuse any definite person. You might be able to charge one suspect. By producing hundreds of shadowy suspects most of them so distant they can't be traced,

she's done the best thing possible to protect herself. Unless, of course, she's doing it—He came to a full stop.

Uncle Caleb asked impatiently: "You were saying?"

"You were saying?"

"It's just struck me she might do the same thing if she were trying to shield someone else. Someone she thought guilty."

"Have you any idea who she would be?"

Jimmy lied: "Not the slightest."

I knew his mind like mine had leaped to Larry Bowler. I could still see the boy's face as he came from the deck over Quinn had thrown him. I didn't want to think about that. I was glad when Roy was brought in.

Roter was tall and thin and stoop-shouldered, of a long neck and a head at was flat at the back. His teeth were poor, yellow, or broken. His skin was odd-colored. It was not the iridescent scarring of smallpox, or larger marks, which extend even to his hands. The edge of his white hair there round bald spots was olive silver.

In a of his outdone he was the only vain. There was an odor about him. His eyes were clear and he loved reality with the waxed ends of small mousetraps.

He was a sturdy fellow at first, but now he was so feeble in his answers. By the last, to disappear anything with questions. The last, to disappear anything with questions. The last, to disappear anything with questions. The last, to disappear anything with questions.

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Jimmy suggested quietly: "To man hinked his brown eyes, then."

But Mademoiselle Bruno, she was there. It was only for one minute to say an revoir before she went ashore.

"You made up your quarrel?"

Uncle Caleb asked.

Jimmy said: "That was all."

"That was all, monsieur."

"I rather thought it had something to do with Captain Quinn."

"Ah, no, non!" The Frenchman spread his hands and wagged his head. "Nothing to do with Captain Quinn. Nothing."

Jimmy said sadly: "Then my French must be getting pretty rusty."

"It was so much beautiful French, too! I picked most of it up on the Rue de Lappe from my friend Leon. Did you ever know Leon?" They called

him the King of the Apaches."

Roter was silent for a moment, then he said:

"No, I have never met your friend, Monsieur Leon."

"Too bad; he was a nice fellow if you didn't happen to meet him professionally. I was sorry when they sent him to Devil's Island." He paused to light a cigarette. "I thought you might have known him there," he added casually.

"Sacre!" Roter shot out of his chair. He stood for a moment tossing over Jimmy, his hands like claws, then he seemed to get control of himself. He dropped on the seat and sat, limp and dejected.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

DOUBLE SAVING
For Wearers of
FALSE TEETH

Next time you need powder to hold your plates in your mouth, show us a package of KILSH. You get twice as much KILSH for your money as you get from any other brand. KILSH is the only brand that has many years of feeling that the best 50-cent package of KILSH is worth more than 100 cents of feeling. Don't waste money on anything else. Buy KILSH.

How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

(Continued From Page 26)

deavoring to disassemble. It was a hearty guffaw, for these men were so serious. They took their task to heart, and they were being given judgment on a matter of import rather than on an insignificant trifling—a mere life.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he asked again.

I sat upon the carpet and gazed down at the mess of saliva. I inclined my head, and my answer was there for all to see.

A ripple of anger and of astonishment went round the hall and I heard the president gasp. I could afford to grin. I still had my hour, and I still possessed the power to rule these men.

At length it was over. I was to die, to face a firing squad on a date to be determined.

Again the cell. The end, but not an unfitting end to a life such as mine.

I should have loathed the slow march of death through three and starvation. I should have hated the poles of the aerodrome, the painful ascent and the sudden descent, but I should not have minded a sudden exit before a cannon.

But this was better than I had anticipated. A firing squad! At least, they were going to let me stand up and die like a man.

this sorry farce to continue. I thought I was coming here to be shot. It seems that I am but an exhibition for the curious!"

Bacha Sagio might deserve death. He might even welcome it. But he would have to wait for it. All must be conducted with decorum and precision. Merely because he was Bacha he could not be accorded a volley out of his turn.

Eventually, however, the last of the praying figures had risen to their feet, and the long time of drooping heads gazed forthfully at the faces of soldiers.

Not so Bacha. His head twisted

and turned, and he spoke aloud to be shot in the forenoon, man next to him.

The order went along the line.

"Firing parties—ready!"

"Firing parties—on your targets!"

"Firing parties—ready!"

Then Bacha laughed.

A sword flashed downward, and the rifles followed the signal.

There was a crashing volley followed by three blatted shots which came inconspicuously to the ear.

One by one that line of men

sank down, and with him his army, into the trench.

The last, to disappear anything with questions. The last, to disappear anything with questions. The last, to disappear anything with questions. The last, to disappear anything with questions.

Men with shovels stood by the forward hatch, storing the infuriated powder drags extra gear from five o'clock until the bodies from the trench so that the discovery of the body strung them along the post. When he'd heard Blinks scream where many of their friends as he had run, with the others, and relatives had dangled by order had seen the Captain lying dead.

It was the last picture in the life of the man who had waded through blood to become a King.

The End.

she's done the best thing possible to protect herself. Unless, of course, she's doing it—He came to a full stop.

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Jimmy said sadly: "Then my French must be getting pretty rusty."

"It was so much beautiful French, too! I picked most of it up on the Rue de Lappe from my friend Leon. Did you ever know Leon?" They called

CORN PAIN GONE!
Safe, Sure, Instant Relief!

No waiting! The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, pain stops! These thin, soothing, healing, cooling pads and ointment prevent corns, blisters, and chafes. Medically safe. The most trusted skin. Use them with the separate corn or callous lift-off. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are on sale for Corns, Blisters, Chafes, and Chafes. Cost but a cent. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Postscript by an Eye Witness of the Execution.

There was a certain difficulty attaching to the demise of Bacha Sagio and those who were sentenced with him, for which was the abhorrence with which he was regarded that not even grave-diggers could be found who would search themselves by touching his body.

On the morning set for his execution, he was rescued early and told that he must prepare for his death. Again Bacha Sagio laughed, and spat at the man who conveyed the tidings.

He was offered clean raincoat, but he refused the gesture, preferring to face the ceremony in the tatters which had been his when he was taken in his own hills.

When he arrived at the execution ground, he found a long deep trench already dug, and as the chief culprit, he was placed on the extreme left. On his right, and ranged at suitable intervals were those who had been his principal executioners and torturers during the nine months of his turbulent reign.

He was made to kneel and he was given time to make his peace with Allah, and he spent a long time in gazing around him. Those whose task it was to carry through the ceremony reminded him that his last hour had come, but again this strange man laughed, even if the face of an executioner's death.

"I don't require you to tell me that," he replied pettily, as if he was exchanging barbs, "around his own village fire. It has been decreed—it is Kismet."

"But," a Mullah expostulated, "why do you not pray? Why do you not raise your hands in supplication, making these your last requests?"

Bacha Sagio was actually amused even with his grave-yawning behind him.

"Why should I raise my hands to Allah?" he taunted. "He has given me all that I have desired. I have been King. I have had my every ambition realized. What more is there for me to ask?"

He glanced along the line of doomed men, all of whom were praying devoutly.

"How long," he demanded, "is

WANDER
"worn-out"
WASHER
gets a new lease on life ...

OXYDOL? BUT ISN'T THAT ONE OF THOSE GRUNGEY "SCOURING SOAPS" THAT FADES COLORS SO BAD?

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? OXYDOL'S A NEW SAFE "SOAP" PEOPLE, AND IT GETS CLOTHES AND 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER—EVEN IN THESE OLD MACHINES.

LOOK—THEY'RE SHOWING WHITE AND THE WASHER'S BEEN GOING NO TIME AT ALL!

THAT'S BECAUSE OXYDOL SOAKS OUT THE DIRT AND GRAY—THE WASHER'S DOING A DOUBLE ACTION WASH.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

LOOK—THEY'RE SHOWING WHITE AND THE WASHER'S BEEN GOING NO TIME AT ALL!

THAT'S BECAUSE OXYDOL SOAKS OUT THE DIRT AND GRAY—THE WASHER'S DOING A DOUBLE ACTION WASH.

THAT EVENING

WE FOUND A NEW SOAP CALLED OXYDOL. IT WORKS WONDERS IN THAT OLD WASHER. IT MAKES WHITE AND 4 TO 5 SHADES AS CAN BE FOR COLORS, TOO.

HO, HO! YOU MADE US LAUGH—OLD GRAYBEARD!

SEE THIS PRET DRESS? I'VE WASHED IT SCORES OF TIMES IN OXYDOL, AND THE COLORS ARE BRIGHT AS NEW.

MONEY, HOW'D YOU DO IT?—THESE KITS ARE WHITE AS SNOW!

IT'S TRUE! NEW SOAP MAKES OLD MACHINES WASH WHITE CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER

Yet This Amazing Soap Is So Safe, That Every Washable Color Comes Out Sparkling, Brilliant!

Don't blame your washing machine because it is old because clothes come gray and dingy! Simply switch to this new amazing laundry soap, Oxydol, and see your white clothes wash 4 to 5 shades whiter. Oxydol is the latest amazing laundry soap, developed by the makers of gentle Ivory. It is the result of a new formula which makes mild, gentle soap 2 to 3 times whiter washing. Yet keeps it safe! And—a patented process which makes it far faster acting!

What It Does

Oxydol works out an utterly new principle. It soaks out the dirt while the washer is running, you get a double action wash! This white clothes wash snowy white in record time... even in old mode machines! You get your wash done in 25% to 40% less time! You save wear and tear on clothes, because you don't have to run the washer so long. No dirty spots to

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your taste: mild,
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New Light Hair Shampoo to
Keep Hair Golden Lustrous

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Wonderful Double Chamber
and Burner delivers hot,
as-free flame at all times.

every need. You decide which fuel, but be sure your heater is a genuine Heatrola, made by The Estate Stove Company, originators of the cabinet heater.

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

Jiffy Pumpings: 2 cups suet
flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder,
1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.
Mix and sift flour with baking
powder and salt. Add milk until
batter clings to the sides of the
mixing bowl. Drop in large
spoonfuls on top of boiling stew,
gravy or soup. Cover and keep
covered until done, which should
be about 10 minutes.

Apples	Potatoes, Peas
Green	and Carrots
Bouquet	Cabbage,
Salad	Tomato and
French	Watercress
Dressing,	with Minced
Maple	Black Olive
Spanish	Dressing
Cream	Apple Pie

King in	French Fried	Turnips
asparagus	Cauliflower,	Broccoli
Lettuce	Cucumbers and	Sprouts
Potatoes	Garden Salad,	Cones
Green	Sour Milk	Cucumbers
Pears	Gingerbread	Old Fash.
Lemon	with	Apple
Sherbet	Ginger	with
Cookies	Cream	Hard S.

or	bit of meat	Baltimore
h,	Liver in	Rarebit on
na	Casseroles,	Crackers
ers.	Beef,	or Toast,
omed	Squid,	Delicious
all	Asparagus	Fruit
	or Broccoli,	Salad.
	Fruit	Fruit
uce.	Compote,	Dressing

Extra

easy to
digest

By Mary Lee Swann

[illegible]

This fashion catalog page displays a variety of women's dresses and a small dog. The dresses are shown in different styles and patterns, including polka dots, stripes, and solid colors. The numbers 3725, 3520, 3532, 3726, 3510, 3511, 3512, and 3730 are associated with the different dress designs. A small dog is also featured in a separate illustration labeled 3730.

SEASON THIS TWO-PIECE WINNER! designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Name _____
Title _____
Firm's Name _____

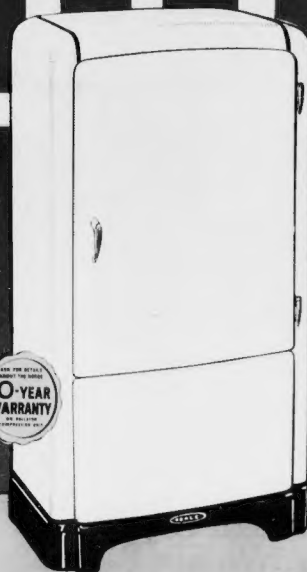
Via 0

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NORGE ROLLATOR REFRIGERATORS

Only the Norge LOW-TEMP Rollator Refrigerators combine all of the requirements for ideal refrigeration. Tests prove its ability to keep foods *Prize Fresh* from 2 to 5 times longer! It maintains temperatures below 50° instead of merely below 50°! Its higher humidity *minimizes* loss of food moisture. It freezes *more ice faster!* Practically eliminates defrosting! In most LOW-TEMP and Deluxe models, Norge gives you 12 different *flexible* interior arrangements. A glance will prove that Norge is the most flexible—the most usable—refrigerator. See your neighborhood dealer now. It will pay you to see the Norge before you buy.

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*In
Protecting
Health*



*In making
Housekeeping
easier*



NORGE CONCENTRATOR RANGES...

The range you want and need is waiting for you at your nearest Norge dealer! Never before have Norge Concentrator Ranges offered so many exclusive features, such pace-setting design. Economy is unsurpassed both in baking and top stove cooking. New oven heat controls give greater convenience—make results certain in roasting and baking. Extra heavy insulation, roller bearing utensil drawers, automatic or Norge Timer clock, modernistic lamp and condiment set are features you want in your new range... And again Norge leads in giving you these advantages in their most practical form!

NORGE AUTOBUILT WASHER...

Only Norge gives you a washer that combines these necessary features: steam-sealed tub for whiter clothes, feather-weight agitator for gentle cleansing of the finest garments, pressure-indicator wringer, lifetime-lubricated motor, and the Autobuilt transmission—exclusively Norge—sealed-in-oil for permanent smoothness and trouble-free operation. Be sure to see the Norge before you buy!

NORGE DUOTROL IRONER...

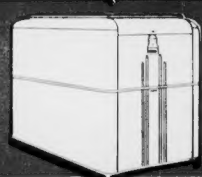
The Norge Duotrol Ironer offers new ironing freedom with two-speed controls, adjustable tensions, double thermostatic heat controls, scratch-proof shoe, heat trap dome that cuts current costs, and a world of other plus-values. Makes ironing a joy instead of a chore—ask your nearest Norge dealer for a demonstration and see for yourself.



*In
keeping up
Appearances*



*In Giving
Year 'Round
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NORGE FINE-AIR CONDITIONING FURNACE...

Home owners and heating experts agree that Norge is years ahead in heating equipment. The Fine-Air Conditioning Furnace is able to deliver as much as twice the heat that old-fashioned furnaces do from the same amount of fuel. Investigate now! Gas or oil fired.

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